

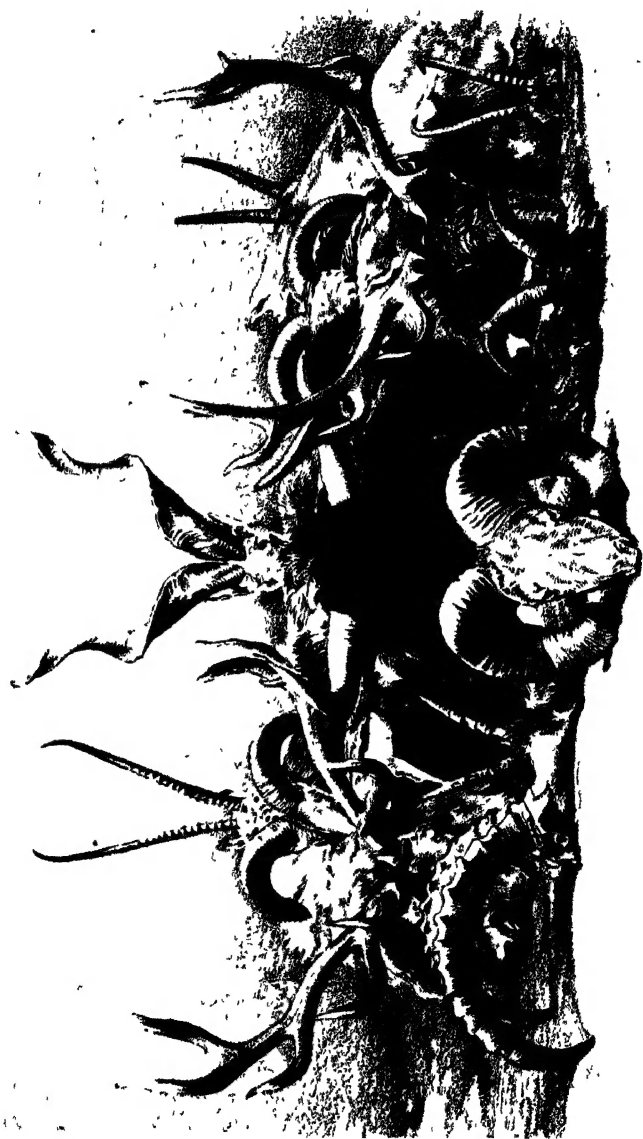






**THE  
RIFLE IN CASHMERE.**





THE  
**RIFLE IN CASHMERE:**

A

NARRATIVE OF SHOOTING EXPEDITIONS  
IN LADAK, CASHMERE, PUNJAUB, ETC. ; WITH ADVICE ON  
TRAVELLING, SHOOTING, AND STALKING ;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

NOTES ON ARMY REFORM AND INDIAN POLITICS.

BY

ARTHUR BRINCKMAN,

LATE OF H.M.'s 94TH REGT

*WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS*

LONDON:  
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE best apology I can make for venturing on the domain of authorship is a belief that in the course of my sporting adventures I acquired practical experience which may be useful to my fellow-countrymen seeking sport in Cashmere. I make no pretence whatever to literary style; laying down the rifle to take up the pen is to me so great a change, that if my book "misses fire," I shall be as little surprised as at my failures in the field on my first day "out." I must beg literary critics to bear in mind that the book is written by a sportsman for the perusal of actual or intending sportsmen, and that hints and notes which may seem excessively technical and detailed may be of real use on the Hills.

Having served in the army for five years, and

always as a civilian taken a lively interest in that great national force, I have jotted down very roughly—but in good faith—some thoughts on Army Reform; and if they provoke searching criticism, or set some able writer thinking on these points, I shall have served my purpose. I do not affect to speak *ex cathedrâ*, nor does my five years' service give me any great advantage over civilian writers; but as all classes now discuss military topics, I offer my little contribution on the subject in the hope it may prove useful.

40, *Berkeley Square*, May, 1862.

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## PART I.



THE  
RIFLE IN CASHMERE.

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CHAPTER I.

Join at Windsor—Gibraltar—Shooting there—Bull-fights—  
Officers' Guards—Home again—Nenagh—Curragh Camp—  
Military Camps—Dublin—Ordered to India—The *Austria*  
—Captain Hetman—Overland—The Regiment turns Cavalry  
—Land at Kurrachee.

I JOINED my gallant regiment at Windsor in July, 1855; and, like all the young men of that period, my head was full of fire, forlorn hopes, standards, and fortresses. Joining a regiment is a simple matter. I walked to the barracks, and asked the sentry at the gate to tell me where to find the adjutant. He replied that he might be something or other'd if he knew. So, passing on, I met a corporal, who showed me the way to the orderly room. I found two officers, who gave me a hearty

welcome. I was soon at home with my future companions of the sword, and next day began learning the goose-step in the Long Walk. Nothing particular occurred during our stay at Windsor, and in September we were ordered to Gibraltar. We embarked in the *Perseverance*, and arrived, after a week's voyage. After seeing the men into barracks, we all rushed off to the hotel for breakfast, where the army of flies, the melted oil called butter, and the ophthalmia of the waiter, made the change of climate perceptible to more senses than one. For the first few days, all the Jews who had furniture to sell were continually dogging us, like detectives.

Gibraltar has been described so often that I shall not attempt it, but only indicate briefly how we passed the time. A pack of foxhounds is kept, but the foxes are not often caught—I believe, generally getting to earth. Those who are fond of shooting ride out to the Two Rivers. At the time I was at “Gib” (as it is invariably called), it was thought good luck to kill a dozen snipe, two hares, and a few quail or duck, in a day's shooting. I recollect that a large party went battue-shooting for ten days, near Algeçiras; they killed *one* vulture, and returned! I went with a friend, for ten days, to a large lake, about thirty miles from Gibraltar, but

the rain poured down incessantly, and spoiled our sport; but, in good weather, any number of snipe might be killed there; woodcock are also to be found. I was indebted for what shooting I got in Spain to a saddler named Montegriffo, whose information is always at the service of sportsmen starting from Gibraltar. I would recommend any one shooting in Spain to carry a revolver concealed under the clothes. An English gentleman was killed near Algeçiras, when riding with his sister on the sands near that town, and the murderer was executed while we were at Gibraltar.

Bull-fights take place occasionally at Algeçiras or St. Roque. I went to see one at the former place. It was announced in the placards that the renowned Domenichino Salamandino was to appear. Excepting that he laid hold of the bull's tail when it was looking the other way, he did not perform any astonishing feat.

From Gibraltar we expected to go to the Crimea; but, in lieu thereof, we gave several hundred volunteers to help another regiment going there. (Small thanks we got for it; not even a captaincy to either of our lieutenants, of whom the three senior had seen service twelve years.) The *Chersonese* brought us home from Gibraltar, after a very slow passage. To

use mild language, the engines were *not* powerful. We might as well have had an "auxiliary" tooth-brush as the screw. If the wind was with us, we sailed too fast for the screw; if against us, that well-meaning but weak piece of mechanism was not strong enough to propel the ship. We were nearly double the usual time performing the passage. (Soon after we landed in Ireland we saw the ship advertised as "that splendid, powerful," &c. &c.) During the voyage we touched at Lisbon, and went to a grand *fête* there in the evening. We saw the young King and the Regent—a very tall man, in a tail coat, who seemed to have a great idea of his own importance, and took all the salutes and bows to himself.

We landed at Cork, stopped there a few days, and then left for Nenagh. It was shortly after the mutiny of the Tipperary Militia. The row was stopped, I believe, by Colonel Hart, who marched in "looking army lists" at the delinquents. Nenagh is one of the best of the small stations in Ireland. There is good fishing near here: the trout are not ~~near~~ so shy as those of the Thames, and can be caught with very coarse tackle. From Nenagh we went to the Curragh Camp. I cannot really admit that those great camps are worth the money they cost us. Few officers, except

the generals and brigadiers, learn anything ; and the commanders of the camps, generally old men, are very unlikely to have a command in a war. "Camps of instruction" sound very well, and are well-meant affairs ; but it would be much better to form a tent camp, as on service, for three months in the year, and build a few wooden houses for lecture-rooms. At present, an officer with his company at a field-day seldom has the slightest idea of what is going on. All the field-officers ought to have the brigades in turn, and they would thus have an opportunity of learning how to handle troops. A camp for three months, with additional pay for the time, would make the plan popular. Rifle matches and athletic sports would give a little excitement to camp life. At present, nothing is thought of but practising elaborate manœuvres.

From the Curragh we went to Dublin, the best quarter in Ireland. But to enjoy the place thoroughly one requires rather liberal pocket-money, besides one's pay.

In October, 1857, we sailed from Queenstown in the unfortunate *Austria*. This vessel was the most unlucky ever built. The good folk of Queenstown cheered us out of harbour, but their good wishes were of no avail ; for after we had gone about seven



days on our way, we were caught in a terrific storm, and were so disabled that we had return to Plymouth.

The *Austria*, in a subsequent voyage, was destroyed by fire. Poor Captain Hetman came in for all the blame. One of the survivors said that he rushed on deck, crying out, "We are lost;" in fact, cowardice or want of head was imputed to this gentleman; but those who saw his behaviour that fearful night, when he had the 94th on board, will never believe it. Very likely when he saw the passengers in a panic, and the women fainting and screaming, he may have thought or said the ship was lost;—and if he fell overboard, it was in all probability by accident. There can be no doubt that if there had been a regiment on board when the fire broke out, the *Austria* would not have been destroyed. Any one who doubts, ought to read about the *Sarah Sands*. I do not mean that troops are braver than passengers, but they do what they are told. In a passenger-ship every one looks after himself or his wife.

We remained at Plymouth some time, and then sailed; but had only got about 700 miles, when the engines broke, so we had to return again.

We were now ordered to go overland, and set

sail in the *Abeona*. We (the officers) were much crowded; and when the general came on board, we showed him the berths. He only said, "Hum, ha, very nice;" quite forgetting we were nine in one cabin! From Alexandria we went by rail to within thirty miles of Suez. Donkeys were obtained, and I suppose we were one of the first regiments ever mounted on that animal. We were told to mount our men "by sections." We landed at Kurrachee January 14th, 1858.

## CHAPTER II.

Up the Indus—Mean Meer—Indian Hospitality—First Shot and Miss—Rawul Pindee—Captain Colby—Nowshera—Suicide in a hurry—Hindustani—Khagan—Driving Ibex—Snipe Shooting—Parsces—Tent Pegs—Khagan again—The Syads—Flukes at Game—Bear Shooting—Charged—Staring Match with Bruin—Vent Holes—Return to Peshawur

AFTER seeing the men into barracks, we all went in search of lodgings. Some one proposed "the dawk bungalow." Not knowing at the time what a dawk bungalow was, I declined going there, as it sounded so like a Spanish inn and assassinations; I went to the hotel instead. Near Kurrachee there are plenty of quail and duck, and a few ravine deer; and I also heard of good shooting at Hub Nuddee, but had no time to try. From here we were sent to Moulton, *en route* to Rawul Pindee. Hardly any of us had got any native servants, and at that time they were difficult to get at Kurrachee. Just as we started, a friend sent me a fellow named Lul Khan, but said he would not come under sixteen rupees a month. I took him on condition that he

did both bearer and kitmughur's work. Sixteen rupees is too much to give a native servant; however, this man remained with me two years, and I dare say did not cheat me more than others. Ducks, hares, and partridges, were plentiful on our route till we got to Kotree. It is slow work up the Indus to Moulton; the river being very strong and shallow, every now and then the steamer sticks in the sand. Chess was our chief amusement; but just when you thought you had got your opponent in a fix, the steamer would give a bump and upset the board. At Moulton I looked at my battery; the cases were all warped, having been placed near the engine fires. From here we went by bullock-train to Lahore. I and another started with five men; our cart was five feet eight, and my companion six feet one! Black partridges, deer, and pig, seemed to abound all along our road.

The cantonment of Mean Meer is a hot, dusty station, and is noted for the ravages made by cholera. It is said that many years ago the dead bodies of natives who had died from that disease might be counted here by hundreds. When the station was being made, the authorities were told, by the old soldiers of Runjeet Singh, that they were building our soldiers' graves; and the words proved true,

the crowded graveyard here plainly testifies. Here we all got horses and tents—the former very dear and bad. When the regiment marched, I was left behind to bring on the baggage. Many of the camels ran away, and I did not get off till noon. I first tasted Indian hospitality on this day—a commissariat sergeant asking me in to an excellent breakfast. I do not think one meets with so much good-fellowship anywhere as in India. If a stranger is passing through a station, some resident is sure to get hold of him, give him “a tub” and a dinner, and send him on to a friend at the next station. I found this everywhere in India, whether on leave or on duty.

At a place called Kurrian, near Jhelum, I fired my first rifle shot at game in India. I heard that ravine deer were to be found, and though it was intensely hot, I went after them. I got within thirty yards of one in the evening, missed “like a man,” and returned to my camp quite unhappy. I dare say Rawul Pindie is an average specimen of an Indian station. It has a church, a racket-court, a race-course, and a coffee-shop. If you want to keep in good health in India, play rackets; but they don’t play “rubbers” here, and you have to retire after each game, which is unsatisfactory work.

From here I went after a tiger, for the first and last time. The commissioner told us a tiger had killed a bullock about ten miles from the station; so off we went to the village. As we came with purwannahs, the people thought they must do something for us, so they lugged us up a great hill. We soon saw they were deceiving us; no tiger appeared, and we returned to Pindée as wise as we came. There is a good snipe jheel near Pindée, and plenty of quail. There are also a few ravine deer. Gooral are to be found on the adjacent hills, but not very numerous. Tigers are to be found here, but they are not numerous; the ground is also rather difficult, and they wander about more than they do down country—at least, so I was told. It was near Pindée that Captain Colby, 98th, was killed by a tiger. I believe he thought that the tiger was dead, and approached it too soon after it was shot. He was celebrated as a rifle shot; and, if report speaks true, he would astonish the folks at Wimbledon were he alive now.

Our regiment was very strong in officers when we arrived at Pindée, so bungalow rents were raised. I and another paid sixty rupees a month for a hovel not worth twenty rupees at another station. We lost a good many men here from fever.

We remained here nine months, and then marched for Peshawur. Our left wing halted at Nowshera, and on one fine morning the Cabul river overflowed its banks and washed away the whole station except the barracks. Nowshera is about the most useless, dreary, hot, disagreeable station in India. The morning of the flood a baboo, who had been defrauding Government for some time, got in a fright that he would be found out, so he cut his throat. An hour afterwards the flood washed away all proofs of his defalcations. Peshawur is a very nice station for several months in the year. I dare say I should have thought it much nicer if the old general who commanded while we were there had not harassed the troops quite so much with continual field-days. About this time, numbers took to learning Hindustani, on account of the order just then published. The vernacular ought to be known by every officer in the country. It is not only most useful, but often absolutely necessary, especially to a sportsman; for it is only by constant inquiry that you can obtain any accurate information about game. Once, in Khagan, I was returning to my tent after a hard day's work, when I heard one of the shikarees say to the other in Hindustani, "I see a bear." The other man replied, "Never mind; the sahib is tired; so

am I. Keep silent, and let us get home." I returned and killed the bear—the largest I shot during that trip—thanks to knowing a little Hindustani.

After stopping a short time here, I went on six weeks' leave to Khagan with a friend. Few Europeans had gone up there before, and we heard wonderful accounts of the game to be got there. The commissioner of Huzara gave us every information, and sent a guard with us: this was in December. We went up Khagan, but soon returned, having got no sport. One day we saw a battue after ibex, conducted by the Khagan chiefs. They surrounded a hill with their retainers, and drove a flock of ibex. They only killed one, a fine male. All the sepoy's fired into the flock. A bullet happened to lame one. About fifty more shots were fired at him, and he received two more balls. Then he fell down a ravine, where the dogs were let loose at him, and the noble brute was finally killed by a blow from the blunt end of a hatchet. I went home, feeling as if I had just witnessed a murder. A battue for pheasants is bad enough, but driving ibex is like sacrilege. Returning to Peshawur, we passed through the Puckli Valley, a once-noted place for black partridges, now nearly all gone.



The Punjaub is about the hottest part of India for some months; but then you get much cooler weather in the winter than in other places. Like most places in the Punjaub, Peshawur is blessed with quantities of sand-flies and white ants.

There is little shooting here, except snipe. The best jheel I shot over was near the Cabul river, about nine miles from barracks. For snipe-shooting it is best to send a tent to your jheel, and ride out early, and arrive there about an hour after sunrise. Shoot till eleven, and eat snipe till three, and then shoot till dark. It is best to wear neutral tint spectacles on a sunny day, but you should buy them yourself in London. They should be barely darker than the daylight. They do not interfere with your shooting in the least, as, when firing a gun, the eye looks over the glass.

In the summer of 1859 I got two months' leave, and started for Khagan again. I got all my supplies from Cowasjee, a pleasant old Parsee at Peshawur. Parsees generally have at hand anything you require; but their prices are excessively high, and they charge the same price for articles they have had for years in their shops as they do for articles fresh from England. I recollect paying two rupees for a bottle of essence of ginger, though the label on

the bottle contained a portrait of King William IV. I was unable to obtain any good rifle powder. The coarse powder is bought up before it gets to Peshawur; but for hill shooting fine powder is good enough. I bought for eight rupees a second-hand tent, which lasted me three years—one of the best bargains I ever made. Iron pegs ought always to be used on a shooting trip; wooden ones are not worth carrying, especially on rocky ground, where they soon split up. The iron pegs will last for ever. They should be made with a ring through the top, and constantly counted; or they will be stolen, especially on the hills, where iron is much valued.

My friend the commissioner of Iluzara was just now being relieved by a successor as hospitable as himself. He gave me a guard, and I got to Khagan about May 1st. The three chief syads were—Univer Shah, a tall man, like an ogre, with an awful voice; Mergul Shah, afflicted with a great goitre; and Zamin Shah, who dyed his beard a different colour every day, and had murdered his brother to get his property. The syads gave me two men to show me game—Jemalli and Elam. I waited some days till a Mahomedan festival was over, and then started to commence my first hunt after game on the hills. Ibex, bears (brown and

black), and musk deer, are the game to be found in Khagan. The ibex are rather difficult to be got here, and your sport depends entirely on the quantity of snow that may fall. May is the best month for ibex in Cashmere; but for Khagan, June is better, the mountains here being higher, and the country generally more difficult to hunt over. Supplies are not easily obtained here, and the syads do not like showing sport, as they have no desire to encourage visitors or travellers coming there. They all assured me that there was too much snow on the hills, and that it would be impossible to get to the nearest ibex ground till some of the snow had melted. I tried to find a way for myself, but did not succeed, and so resolved to go after bears instead. I got my first shot at a bear on the 6th. We went up a hill, and just when we got to the top of it, my shikarees displaced a large piece of snow, in avoiding which I got into such an awkward position that I could not move in any direction. They let down their pugarees, and pulled me up. The wind changed, and the bear ran; however, I made "a fluke," and hit him running, a long way off. We then tracked him after several hours, over snow, to a cave. We returned next morning and found him dead. (If a bear takes to a cave, leave him there,

and return next day and put dogs in. It is only foolhardy to go in yourself.)

My next shot on the 13th was also a piece of pure luck. A musk deer jumped up and bounded down the snow. I killed it with a snap shot—two trees were almost in a line between me and the deer, and about three inches apart as I stood. Soovee, the man who was carrying my spare rifle, literally stared at me open-mouthed; but I think I astonished myself the most. Musk deer are not worth shooting, unless you are a professional, and send the pods to be sold. On the 10th, I killed a bear; and in firing at him was obliged to stand on the toe of my left leg! Jemalli holding up my right, and, with my left arm round a piece of rock, the fingers just supporting the rifle. The bear was lying asleep, and there was no other way to get a clear view of his body.

On the 20th, I had a narrow escape: I shot at a bear asleep on a ledge of rock, and hit him in the neck; the next barrel missed him, and he charged full tilt. I turned for my spare rifle, and found Jemalli clubbing it over his head, and imploring me to get behind him. I just had time to wrench it out of his hand and fire into the bear, now almost at my feet. The bear swerved, and fell over the rocks. It was a small bear, and very old.

I had no idea that the ledge of the rock did not run round: of course, Bruin was not going to sit still and be shot at. Next day I came on a bear lying asleep. I had my fourteen-bore rifle in my hand, the locks of which were out of order. I fired, and both the barrels exploded together, missing the bear. He got up and came a few steps towards me, and was now not five yards off. Jemalli, who was so plucky yesterday, ran off, leaving me to face Bruin with an empty rifle. The bear stood winking at me, and cocking his head on one side. I stood still, hoping to jump aside if he charged, and staring him full in the face. How it would have ended I know not; but luckily Jemalli, in his panic, fell down a ditch, and managed to explode my other rifle. The bear turned round at the report and went slowly off. One day I fired at a bear near this place, about thirty yards off. The rifle I fired was lent me by a friend. Previously, I had always used my own, but I thought I would try his for a change. It exploded with scarcely any report, the bullet falling to the earth a few yards from me. The rifle was properly loaded a few days before, but the barrels had air-holes, and the charge had got damp. Vent-holes are a silly invention, and of no use. No gunmaker should ever make them, unless expressly ordered to

do so. As they frequently become enlarged, there is a great escape when the gun is fired. Once, I had one of my eyes much hurt while standing near a friend when firing a gun of this description. They are not of the slightest use; and I cannot understand why so many first-rate makers in the gun trade continue making them.

I killed several other bears this trip, but nothing of any interest occurred. I dare say I should have had better sport if the rain and snow had not fallen nearly every day. I would not recommend a trip to Khagan. You are not allowed to go there without a guard, which is a bore; besides, the shooting is not near so good as in Cashmere. I wanted to try Kohistan, but the Syads said it was not safe; so I gave up the idea. Soge, Tomtamie, and Narung, are the best places for bears that I know of in Khagan.

My two months were now drawing to a close. A month of the two was wasted going and coming, and it snowed half the other; but I was quite satisfied for my first attempt, and in a country little known.

## CHAPTER III.

Thirteen Bullets to kill a Bear—Ravine Deer Shooting—Nowshera—Holloway's Ointment—Chuplees, and how to wear them—Ouriar—Mumarras—Attock—My last Guard—Lady Canning—Indus Tunnel—Shooting in the Punjaub, &c.—I sell out.

THREE months after my return to Peshawur, A——, of my regiment, returned from a trip to Cashmere. He had killed several bears. One of them took thirteen bullets to kill it!—a large number; but I have no doubt of the fact. He told me the story himself and showed me the skin. Thirteen balls through the tail, claws, or ears, would not kill any animal; but these were all about the right place, except three, which were a little behind in the ribs. Some of the bullets were conical, fired from my 14-bore rifle, some 19-gauge conical, the others spherical bullets from a 14-bore shot gun. A—— followed the bear to a ravine after he had fired about ten shots into him, and he found Bruin lying down apparently dead. He fired another shot to make

sure, on which the bear got up and charged, sending A—— and his shikaree down a *khud*, smashing the stocks of his guns, and dingeing the barrels of my rifle in the fall. The bear was finally killed by rolling a piece of rock down upon his head. It was a male bear, but by no means a large one.

About this time, I got leave for twenty days, and went with a friend as far down as Mokud, on the Indus; but having so far to go, we had little leisure for shooting. We killed a few ravine deer. Near Campbellpore, close to Attock, these little deer are to be found in great numbers; but just about here they are rather wild, being constantly hunted or shot at. The horns of the buck vary from ten to fourteen inches in length. A single rifle is the best weapon to kill them with in the plains, as they are a small mark and require accurate shooting, and do not allow you to come near them in the open plain. Though so small, they die hard. I saw one shot through the body with a ball from a 14-bore rifle, and then get away from two horsemen, who chased it with their revolvers. But when hit, supposing they are carefully and slowly followed up, they will be found lying down after going a few hundred yards. On the plains they don't stop till they can find a nook wherein to hide themselves; but among ravines,



they very soon stop to rest, even when not very severely wounded.

After taking Mackeson's post a sufficient number of times, the regiments at Peshawur were relieved. We were sent to Nowshera, about twenty miles nearer home ; otherwise, not a pleasant change. Here there is scarcely any shooting. Ouriar are to be found on the adjacent hills ; but the country is considered unsafe ; at least, I was told that the commissioner had to be asked for permission to hunt there. The ouriar is a wild sheep, a light brown colour, and is a fine-looking animal, especially in the winter, when it has a rough sort of beard, which grows right down the chest. The males have long, curved horns, and the females have little horns about four inches. February and March are the best months for hunting them. They afford the best practice possible for a beginner, and an old sportsman could not wish for nicer shooting. These ouriar, if not hit in the right place, will go for a long distance ; I have followed their tracks for hours by the blood, and not bagged. I lost three good males, hard hit, during the five days I was out. This is provoking, as, excepting that it is satisfactory to know that you hit what you aimed at, one would sooner miss than hit and not bag.

About Christmas, 1859, I went on ten days' leave to hunt for ouriar, near Attock. All the hills near this place abound with them. At Kaladil, I got a shikaree, named Mumarras, and his uncle, an old man, named Dita. The latter had a very bad leg, having been bit by a dog about two years before. It was a very bad sore, but I gave him some Holloway's Ointment, and completely cured it. I do not know if this ointment is made of tallow or of Oriental balsams, but I can testify to its being a most useful medicine to have by one on the hills. I have seen some frightful sores healed by it, and for chapped hands it is a certain remedy. By the way, sportsmen are constantly asked for medicine at almost every village they may happen to pass through. Always insist on seeing the patient, or do not give; as, nine times out of ten, the man who asks only wants it for himself in case he might get ill, or to sell it to a sick friend. Brandy is what they generally ask for, to rub themselves with for rheumatic pains, though I expect they drink more than they use for rubbing.

• The hills on which the ouriar are found are generally rocky. The sandals, called by the natives chuplees, are the best *chaussure*; they cost about ten annas, and are made in all the villages. You

should try to wet them as little as possible, or they soon wear out ; and, directly you return from shooting every day, they should be given to the village cobbler to repair any place that is cut. In this manner the chuplees will last for a very long time.

Mumarras was a capital hand at stalking, and knew every inch of the ground ; he was also silent, and worked hard. He used to pray about ten times a day, and was tried once for murdering some grain-dealers ; but was acquitted, there being no proof. There are numbers of shikarees about here, but Mumarras was decidedly the best of the lot.

On my return from this trip, I was sent on detachment to Attock—a pleasant change from Nowshera, the ground here being unfavourable for drilling. Ouriar are to be found on the Attock hill ; I have shot them within a mile of the mess. Lords Canning and Clyde passed through here on their grand tour of inspection, Lady Canning following the next day. I was on guard over her bungalow for the night with my company. This was the last time I ever was on guard ; and I am glad indeed that, instead of a dirty room, a broken poker, a cracked pane of glass, a bunch of keys, and an illegible board of orders (all to be safely handed

over to the next officers), I was supposed to be in charge of the most precious thing on earth—a lady, and one whose virtues, when alive, caused her to be so much beloved by all, and whose death, on the very eve of her return home, occasioned such universal regret. Being on guard, I was asked to dine. One does not usually make remarks when one dines out; but, if it interests any one, I may mention that the Secretary to the Government of India killed a mosquito on the table, with a spoon, first shot. The Governor-General waited here to see the first blast take place in making the Indus Tunnel. After some delay, a puff and pop, like a bad bottle of soda-water being opened, was heard, and this great engineering feat was begun. It will be a credit to the projectors of the plan if it succeeds.

On the 8th of March, I went on leave again after the ouriar. I recollect just about this time reading a statement in the *Field*, that there was little or no shooting in the Punjab. The shooting here is certainly inferior to that which can be obtained in other parts of India; but if the sportsman will work, there is game enough here to reward him with good sport. I do not think that the ground near stations is generally so well known as it should be—of course,

I except places where hounds are kept. On my arrival at Pindee, every one told me that there were no ravine deer near the place; however, I shot two, and often saw them near Janakesung. I admit there were so few that most men would not care to work for them. If an officer who is fond of shooting comes to a station, I always found that the residents will give him every information if he inquires a little about it. But if he has heard before that there is no shooting near the place, and never was, he will very likely lay by his rifles, and not explore for himself. In India, no matter where you may be, there is almost always something or other to be shot. The ouriar is found from the country near Jhelum, right up to Attock, and beyond the Khuttack hills. Choe Kaladil and Jubbee are the favourite resorts of the sportsmen who hunt for them near Attock. All these hills are well hunted. The last time I was out, there were nine other officers hunting within a few miles of my camp; nevertheless, the ouriar are increasing. Fifteen years ago, nearly every villager carried a gun, now very few of them shoot. The ouriar require a little stalking, but do not mind seeing so much as smelling you, because they see the villagers about them all day. Several times, when there was no way of

getting near without being seen, Mumarras and I used to take up a great bundle of dead sticks and leaves, put them on our heads, and walk on before them. This we did till out of sight, when, having got behind them, an easy stalk would follow. The males are not so easily found as the does, especially near Kaladil, where I always saw twenty does to one buck. To hunt them properly, get on to the hills by daylight, and having got within shot of ouriar and fired, do not move a muscle. The ouriar almost invariably run a few yards, and then stop and stare. On one occasion I killed three males at a stalk, and very often two. Sometimes I have had them run right up to me, not knowing where the shot came from. A big male is very seldom bagged; the largest I ever saw was killed by an officer of the 98th at Choe. Mumarras told me that those with enormous horns are smaller in the body; in fact, a smaller animal altogether. I have often observed this in other game. Out of thirteen males I killed my last trip, seven only were full-grown rams; and the one Mumarras said was the oldest sheep of the lot, had the smallest horns of the seven. A——, of my regiment, who was with me here for ten days, only got one shot at a male. Five of those I killed were shot off the Futteh Jung

road. Such is luck in shooting; though, as I said before, ouriar don't mind seeing you, provided you don't come too close. A few ravine deer are to be got near here. You can generally find them on the wheat-fields at sunrise and in the evening. If they are on a plain so flat that you cannot stalk them, you can use a dodge, which no sportsman, however, would try unless actually hard-up for meat. The trick is as follows:—Get a camel, and make him walk with you by means of a long stick fastened to the knot in his nose. You push him before you till within shot, then let go the stick, and the camel will go on—you sitting down when you let go the stick, and taking a quick aim. I have been told this plan always succeeds, though I never tried it; in fact, no one fond of stalking would do so. A man who works hard, and spares females, would certainly kill thirty ouriar in a month, though perhaps he might not kill more than ten full-grown rams. In October or November, he would not kill so many as he would in March; as at that time, when the new grass springs up, the ouriar are much easier to find. Neither the ouriar nor ravine deer are good eating, plainly done, and not kept; but I have tasted ouriar meat in a stew, the flavour of which was delicious. The meat will keep

for ten days in the cold season on these hills. If you wound an ouriár, follow him slowly, and continue on the track as warily as if you were stalking. If you see him again, but not in a good position, he must be stalked again; or, if that is impossible, let him go on to better ground, taking every care not to let him see you. Never take a long shot at a wounded animal, or very likely you will frighten him away altogether—especially an ouriár, who goes an immense distance when wounded. Unless you have a very good dog, it is best not to have any with you while out ouriár-shooting. I hold the opinion that for game-killing on the hills (the only shooting that I know well), it is much better not to have a dog at all. No dog could catch an ibex or markhoor; and if he did, it would be at the peril of his life following them on the precipices. And if after an ouriár, they are so numerous that he would frighten others and spoil your sport. When coming suddenly on game, a dog is in the way. Near some places it does not matter, as the village dogs often chase them; but on some ground a dog would frighten the ouriár away for hours together. From November to March you need not fear the sun in this part of the Punjaub. As a general verdict, I must



say that one might have much worse sport than ouriar-shooting.

Markhoor are to be found in some parts of the Punjaub, but I know nothing of the ground except by report. They can be got near to Derah Ishmael Khan. I know nothing of the country towards Ferozepore and that direction; but for a few days' leave, information can be got at any coffee-shop in India, and for long leave the sportsman would naturally go to the Himalayas, or after game in Bengal. Ducks are plentiful in some places near Pindec. Near to Hussan Abdool and Huttee they can be killed as fast as you can load; also in the Puckli Valley in Huzara.

I have told the reader all I know about shooting in the Punjaub. One cannot learn much in a few days' leave. This must be my apology if the information is thought scanty.

Shortly after my return to Attock, I sent off my things to Cashmere, having resolved to leave the service and hunt there for two years previous to returning home. My papers not being drawn up according to form, were returned; so I was delayed starting till April 18th. And though shooting always was my mania, and two years of it now before me, I did not feel very happy that night

on the mail-cart when I drove off from the corps in which I had spent five such happy years. I did not care much for leaving the military profession. The only regret I felt was, in ceasing to belong to one of the best and finest regiments that ever shouldered arms.



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PART II.

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## CHAPTER I.

Hill and Plain Shooting—Sport in Cashmere—Cashmere Servants—Cashmere Shikaree—Snake spoils a Stalk—Start for Ladak—A Bobbery Bear—Puljaur, a Ladak Shikaree—A Deity in my Bedroom—Old Woman and Burrel—Chang Chenmoo—Rarified Air—Wild Yak—Antelope—Horses—Malik begins to Cheat—Ovis Ammon Shooting—Malik cheats again—Bad news—Shooting like Ostriches.

PERHAPS the reader would like to know why I went to the Hills for sport instead of hunting in the plains, or why I did not go to the Cape. Everyone has his own ideas of sport: one man thinks tiger-shooting to be the most glorious sport this world affords; he who hunts in America prefers killing buffaloes, while the hunter of South Africa would sooner kill the colossal game to be found there. I consider game-stalking to be as superior to this kind of shooting as fly-fishing is to bottom fishing. Of course I only imagine this, never having been after tigers, elephants, or buffaloes. I give my reasons for preferring hill-shooting. For tigers, the plan of Captain Rice seems the most sporting method



of killing them ; but even then you must have beaters, drums, and kettles, to make a noise, while the hunter sits still for the chance of a shot. It is a pity there is no such thing as tiger-stalking. In Africa and America all the hunters seem to consider that the shooting must be done off horseback ; in fact, you must ride down the animal, and then fire at him. I agree with Captain Shakespear that the spear is the only legitimate weapon to carry on horseback after game. Elephants should be killed on foot, even in Africa ; there can be no excitement if one can canter away when the elephant gets angry. The battue plan is right for killing beasts of prey that have inflicted damage on a village ; but, except on these occasions, a rifle should never be used except for stalking. A true sportsman would sooner work hard for ten days, and bag a good male at the end, than kill a hundred head of driven game, or ride down fifty elephants or lions and then shoot them. Some men only seem to enjoy the actual firing of the shot that kills an animal. To one who really appreciates the sport, nearly all the pleasure lies in the stalk, and the uncertainty gives the whole charm.

The Himalayas held game enough to reward anyone willing to work and fond of stalking, so I

resolved to try Cashmere. Of late, Cashmere has got Cockney; upwards of two hundred Europeans visit the country yearly. Any day, while stalking, you are liable to meet somebody else; so the country is devoid of solitude, which all hunters prefer when out. I have often marched for a hill, and then found some other sportsman there before me. But the great majority of those who visit Cashmere only go after bears; few hunt ibex, because they require hard work; and after you have been grilling for years in India, you may not feel inclined to clamber among hills. Their horns can be bought, though; and I have often known rifles lent to shikarees to kill them with, while the sahib puddles about after bears down below. Colonel Markham, in his book, says that after giving Cashmere a fair trial, he is able to declare that there is little or no shooting to be got there; and such would be the opinion of any one who, like the colonel, simply marched through the country. It sounds well in the nursery that Uncle So-and-so killed so many bears, but to a stalker they afford no sport. However, as I get along, the reader will be able to judge for himself what animal he would prefer to hunt in Ladak or Cashmere; and as I have tried all sorts, I will give him as good an idea as I can of the different

styles of stalking and shooting arrangements each requires.

I left Nowshera for Cashmere April 19, 1860. At starting I had a bad cough, and sent to the Parsee's for a box of lozenges. I received in return a jar of Twelfth-night crackers. My battery consisted of a heavy double rifle, Enfield bore, and a single barrel 32-bore. I was expecting another double rifle from home, but the Volunteer movement breaking out, my gunmaker got so busy that my rifle did not reach me till September. I turned off all my Hindustani servants, and got Cashmeries instead. One of the three, to whom I gave the post of kitmughar, turned out an accomplished thief, although he was most highly spoken of in his character "chits." He had been a long time in the service of an officer in Cashmere. I will not give his real name (he may have turned from his evil ways), but call him Malik instead. Serloo, whom I employed as bearer or anything else, turned out a capital fellow, and the most honest native I ever met. It is stupid work marching to Cashmere, and I was glad when I arrived at Serinuggur. I resolved to engage as shikaree the first man who offered himself (I always pay little attention to their chits, it is best to judge for oneself, as no two men

seem to agree in their opinions about the same shikaree). Since Europeans came to Cashmere, every coolie calls himself a shikaree. I never saw a real good hunter in the country ; so long as they can get quick to their game, they pay no attention to which way the wind is blowing. The first man who came to me was called Kurreem of Sofurpore, on the Wuller lake. He was originally a shepherd, then served an officer eighteen months, and is now as fashionable a shikaree as any other. He was slightly deaf, and very fond of talking and taking snuff; but on the whole he was as hard-working, good sort of fellow as any other of his class.

This was the 1st of May, and next morning I was after Burra Singh. I saw many, and killed one ; but at this time they have all shed their horns, so I went after ibex instead, at a place called Ahvathoo, where there was a good flock. On the second day I got within shot of three males, and Kurreem spoiled the stalk in a silly manner ; he nearly trod on a snake, and just when he jumped aside to avoid it, he caught sight of one of the horns of the ibex. I suppose the snake made him too nervous to think about anything else, for he put my rifle into my hands, exclaiming, " Snake ! snake ! Fire quick ! " I went on, expecting to

see a boa constrictor at least; and off went the ibex.

I was joined that day by Malik, who had been to Ladak some years before, and he advised me to start quickly. So I marched, resolving to leave the ibex alone till November—the worst time, as I afterwards found out.

It is about eighteen marches from Serinuggur to Leh before the snow melts. I saw no game between Baltul and Lamoroo, but I did not hunt, only marching along the road daily. The first day from Sofurpore I killed a bear; and as it was my first in Cashmere, it had evidently made up its mind to be troublesome. I had shot it twice through the back, and followed it up, when the coolie who was above began beckoning and calling to us. Kurreem said we had better go to him, and turned round. Just as he did so, out rushed Bruin straight at me from behind a rock. I fired my rifle right in his face, and got a great puff of warm breath in mine. The bear swerved, nearly knocking me down, and ran on for twenty yards, when it stood to stare. I gave it two more bullets, and followed up again. I found it lying dead; my bullet, fired when it charged, had entered its right eye, and came out at its left ear. It is wonderful how tenacious of life animals are

sometimes. Near Baltul I saw a bear disappear in a ravine, and shouted twenty times at least to make him show himself. At last a loud shout made him get up, and I killed him. On skinning, I found two old conical bullets in his skin; so he had evidently been shot at before.

At a place called Nurla I got a Ladak shikaree, named Puljaur, and as he was the best specimen of a native shikaree I ever saw, a description of him may be interesting. Imagine a tall, gaunt, wiry man, of a spare, well-knit frame and light sinewy limbs; a pair of eyes that seemed to look through stones with their piercing gaze; very silent, scarcely ever opening his lips; a bronzed, weather-beaten face, and a beard slightly tinged with grey. If the reader has succeeded in imagining a man of this description, he has fancied one the very opposite of Puljaur in every respect. He was a dapper little fellow, with a long pigtail; scarcely a hair on his face; eyes that seemed to be always laughing, as if they were gazing at something funny; ear-rings on his ears, rings on his fingers; immensely fond of chaffing, continually playing practical jokes; possessing a fund of anecdote, and plenty of cheek; very fond of wine, and flirting with every woman he met indoors or out. In fact, he was the most vivacious, jolly little fellow I ever

had to do with out here; and worth his weight in gold, pigtail and all, to any one travelling through Ladak.

I got to Leh, May 30th, and found the old Bustee Ram very ill. I gave him some quinine and brandy. In fact, I made such friends with him that he lent me five hundred rupees the instant I asked him for it. A shawl merchant at Serinuggur had taken my order for rupees on the treasury at Umritsur, and gave me in return a letter of credit to a merchant in Leh. I found this individual was a bankrupt, and had been so for nearly two years before my arrival! I got flour, tea, and supplies, and started.

On June 3rd, I slept in a room at Chumra, where there was a deity in a corner. It was a picture of a man in red, making horrible faces, with serpents twisting about his body. At night I was awoken by the entrance of a Llama, a lamp, and a lump of flour, and a cup of hot tea. This offering was reverently deposited at the foot of the gorgeous altar. I resolved to get up early and hide the offering, and then see if the Llama would think that his god had eaten it. But I awoke too late, and saw my reverend friend walking out of the room with it. He nearly upset it all, giving me a salaam as he closed the door.

After Saktie, I had a long march over snow, and found an old woman lying down shivering with cold and crying bitterly. We could not understand each other, though she seemed to know all about brandy. So after giving her a pull at my flask, and a few pats on the back to reassure her, I went on, Kurreem and Puljaur being close behind. I found the old lady quite well again when I arrived at Durgoop. At the foot of the snow-pass, and not far from where I had met the old woman, I saw a flock of burrel, and killed three—two at one shot. They were all huddled together under some rocks. I must refer the reader to Colonel Markham again, for another description of the burrel, as he seemed to consider them to be the great prize of a sportsman in the Himalayas. I think them a very stupid, uninteresting animal. They are called napoor in Ladak. They are very easy to stalk; if you keep still, you may empty all your barrels at them; then follow again, and kill some more out of the same flock. They are not nearly such fine animals as the ouriar, and not being so knowing, don't afford such good sport. I dare say they may afford better sport when they have been much hunted; but I never met a clever flock of the species.

At Lutkum, I got a man named Chundergess;



according to his chits an avaricious little fellow. He was the sole inhabitant of Chang Chenmoo. My object in going there was to kill a donkh or wild yak. According to Chundergess, Singharus, Tumba, and other swells of the district, Malik's former master, an officer of the 87th, was the only officer who had killed a bull donkh here previous to my arrival. This must be a mistake, as the author of a *Summer Ramble in the Himalayas* evidently came here, judging from his description of the ground. Like that gentleman, I was much disappointed with the donkh, their heads being of the same character as the domestic ox. If killed in the winter their skins would be very handsome. Shortly after leaving Lutkum, I saw a female ovis ammon for the first time. Puljaur and I were so knocked up by the rarity of the air that we could hardly move. It was, I was told, an unusually hard winter. I wounded an ovis, but neither of us could follow up. In fact, we got so ill we had to be carried home to our camp. After this, I never was ill for a day; and I would recommend any one travelling in Ladak to wear a head-dress such as I found most serviceable. It was a thin kharkie cap cover, with shade of same material; over this a cap like the Sikhs wear, coming down to the back of your neck; over this a knitted

woollen helmet to fit over all, just leaving room for your eyes ; over this wind a puggaree. The woollen helmet is of the greatest use, as it not only keeps your head warm, but acts as a respirator as well. During my first few days in Chang Chenmoo I killed ovis ammon and antelope, but nothing to note about the stalks.

On June 17th we saw four donkh, and we might have got within twenty yards of them, if two ovis ammon had not chosen to lie down just above them. They remained there till it was too late for us to approach the donkh, so I returned to camp, resolving to be back again at daylight. Next morning we found the donkh on very flat ground, so waited till noon, until one of them rose to drink water. We got within distance, but he had finished drinking, and kept walking back. The wind changed, so I was obliged to fire. It was rather an exciting moment, for Puljaur had been amusing himself all the morning in telling me the most frightful stories of ferocious donkhs that kneel on men and lick their faces to bits with their rough tongues, or charge with such force and precision, that the skeletons of their victims remain impaled on the horns until the donkh dies. He told me one sahib was so nervous as to let off his rifle just as he was getting within

shot. However, I took a steady aim, and my laminated steel tube poured forth its elongated, conical, expansive, conoidal missile. The lump of lead struck; the donkh kicked out his hind legs, and fell to earth with a flop. He was dead. Two months afterwards all the hair came off the skin, it being the wrong time of the year to shoot them.

Next day, Puljaur and Kurreem were very ill, and nearly every one in camp besides. The sickness was attributed to the rarified air. I believe it arose from feasting on too much meat. I did without a shikaree for some time, but had equal sport. Nothing of interest occurred in any of the stalks I had, except that once I fired a long shot at a cow donkh, which cantered off after I had shot at it. I was certain I had heard the "thud" of the bullet, but could find no blood. However, I followed the track for a very long way, and found the donkh lying down. I killed it, and found my first shot had struck a little above its heart. One cannot always trust to blood for finding a wounded animal. Sometimes the game is too fat to bleed, or may bleed internally. In Chang Chenmoo and the adjacent country, the wild yak are to be found. Several officers come here to hunt them every year, but generally do not get here early enough in the

season. Unless killed in good condition, they are not worth hunting. The proper time for killing them is November. The skins of those I killed looked very nice at the time; but when dressed, all the old hair fell out. If I had hunted longer up here, I dare say I should have killed a good many, but I preferred to go back and try for ovis ammon. The donkh smell you from afar, but I don't think they are as sharp-sighted as most game. It has been suggested that they would afford good sport for the spear, but this must be tried in a more open country. I found them in nullas, and have seen them gallop over places where horse and rider could never have followed. In the autumn, I dare say their flesh would be good. I found it very tasteless in June. If the wind keeps good, the donkh are easy to stalk on favourable ground. I did not see the antelope anywhere else but here. Two feet three inches is the general length of their horns. They are troubled with worms in their backs; you find a dozen in every skin, and I have seen them running round and round, as if trying to shake of these pests. These antelope are very easy to stalk, and when you fire they seldom go straight off, and you can generally have several shots at each stalk. Some consider them to be very knowing;

for Chndergess showed me some stone huts where a sahib used to hide himself, and wait for antelope to feed near him. He sat in his huts a fortnight, and only killed two, while by stalking them he might have killed twenty. I found the bucks all separate from the does. The Ladak name for them is choos. The wild horse, or skyung, is not so numerous here as towards the salt lakes. It seems cruel to kill a horse, even when wild; but your coolies eat them, and their skins are most useful in mending boots, gun-covers, and kiltas. Otherwise you might as well shoot a donkey on a common, as far as sport is concerned. One might make a very large numerical bag up here, if horses, burrel, and antelope, were the game chiefly sought. I saw no burrel in Chang Chenmoo, but I know they are to be found here.

On my arrival at Lutkum, I was rather surprised by Puljaur asking me for some of my tea. I had given two great bundles of it to Malik for all the servants, and knew that it could not all have been used up so soon. So I resolved to keep a look-out after Mr. Malik and his goings on. I also expected that Puljaur or Serloo would tell me of his pranks some day; so I resolved to say nothing for the present. Next night, when I went to bed, Serloo

whispered that he had something to tell me, and he was rather astonished by my telling him that I knew what he was going to say. After this I daily received reports of Malik's transactions, but resolved to keep quiet till I got back to Leh again.

On July 12th I killed two male ovis ammon. Puljaur and I slid down the hill in full view of them, but managed to escape their notice. Two of them began to fight, and made a great noise, knocking their heads together. I got within thirty yards, and picked out the biggest, and kept still; and then had the luck to kill another, when they stopped to stare. Ovis ammon are considered the most wary, difficult animals to stalk. Colonel Markham even says, that driving is the only plan likely to succeed with them. Now, in my opinion, if the shooter will only use his brains, not be in a hurry, and move slowly, they will not be found more difficult to approach than any other animal. If they are feeding on flat ground, leave them alone till they feed on to good ground. If, however, they keep on the flat ground, go back and return next day. (By the way, I would sooner use a monkey as shikaree in Ladak than a Cashmerie. The jungle and the terrain generally in both countries are quite different.) I never had a stalk fail after ovis

ammon. I always got within a hundred yards, sometimes within ten. No matter how shy or knowing an animal may be, he must yield to man if he goes the right way to work. No wild animal will let you walk up and put salt on his tail, if he sees or smells you; but if you let him feed on to good ground he must get close to your rifle sooner or later, provided the wind is in your favour. In Ladak, the grass is so scarce that an animal feeds nearly all day. In Cashmere, game are generally lying down from ten to four in the afternoon. I was rather disappointed in *ovis ammon*; they seemed to be only gigantic *ouriar*. The largest head I bagged had horns 41 inches in length and  $18\frac{1}{2}$  thick; the ends, though, were split off. I am aware that the measurements given in this book are smaller than those given by a recent author; but in his book he calls a middle-sized ibex an animal with horns 48 inches. I should call this very large, and not one in twenty are killed that length. I have heard of them of 52 inches, but I never saw one approaching that length myself. *Ovis ammon*, like most game, generally stand and give you a second chance; and sometimes they come back to look for their comrade, whom you have shot; but they take care to look from a distance. *Ovis ammon* is the

only game worth killing in this part of Ladak. At the Indus, near Pooga, I saw a great number of men and sheep crossing to Tartary. Just after passing them, I came suddenly on three ovis ammon drinking at the river, and on the very path where these men had just passed. They ran up the hill at once, but Puljaur and I walked on quick, Puljaur singing till opposite to them, when I sat down and fired, Puljaur going on. I killed a young male.

If you come suddenly on game like this, and are quite certain you are seen, don't stop, but look the other way, and walk on, turning off a little. Do not fire unless they stand and give you a fair shot. It is better to walk on and return in the evening and search for them on the adjacent ground. If they are not much frightened, you will most likely find them again.

On July 21st, I killed a fine burrel, and followed the flock again and knocked over another. It lay as if dead till we got close to it, when it slid over the rocks some distance. We went down to skin it, when, to our astonishment, up it got, and went too far for us to get it that night. It was hit in the back. On the 23rd, I got within twenty yards of ovis ammon during a frightful storm. Just as I was preparing to fire, a loud clap of thunder broke



just over our head, so near that the ovis ammon bolted from fright, and I never saw them again. There is a small kind of deer in Ladak, much smaller than the ravine deer of India. They are most numerous towards Hante.

At Gyah I got my letters, and bad news they contained. I had left a gun, belonging to A——, of my regiment, to be restocked at Serinuggur, and my coolie told me that the gun had been asked for, as the owner had died. The other man with the letters was a few miles behind, and it was an anxious hour till he came. It was too true; A—— was the first officer of the 94th killed in action. He was shot through the head at the taking of some heights in the Wuzeree expedition; and thus perished as good a gentleman as ever served the Queen. Never did an officer die more sincerely regretted by his comrades, and by all who knew him.

About this time I got the account of the fight between Heenan and Sayers. A great many of the villagers at Gyah had come to stare at my heads and skins; so, at Puljaur's request, I read out the whole of the fight, putting "conks" and "mugs" into my best Hindustani, Puljaur translating. He got so excited, that he challenged Malik for fifty rupees a side, but no fight came off.

On July 25th I paid eighty rupees for hire of yaks and coolies, for one month ; Malik showing me a written agreement between him and the Tanksie kardar that the hire of each yak was eight, and of each coolie five rupees per mensem. I paid it, and half an hour after I found that the paper was an old piece of a Llama Bible, and that Malik had pocketed twenty rupees, paying sixty. However, I said nothing. I had intended to try for burrel for a few days, near Masholung, but heard that a sahib had just been shooting there. The natives gave a queer account of him as a shikaree ; they said that directly game was sighted, the sahib threw himself flat on the ground, and hid his head as much as possible, making his men do the same, and so they remained till the game fed out of sight ; then the party would go on, and, when the game was seen again, they all had to lie down and hide their heads once more, like so many ostriches, never attempting a stalk.

## CHAPTER II.

Malik tried and sentenced—Supplies, and how to get them—  
Shikaree murdered—Shooting when standing up—A Bear with  
an Ear for Music—Wild Dogs—Going to skin a Bear alive—  
Rifles always ready—Truth and pain—Lose a Bear—Kill a  
Bear while at Breakfast—Bears, and all about them Size,  
Habits, Anecdotes, &c &c.

ON the 30th I marched for Leh, and Malik suggested that my Sepoy should go on ahead, and tell the Bustee Ram of my return. I knew the Sepoy to be a bosom friend of Malik's, and suspected his having some of my rupees about him; however, I let him go, and shortly afterwards Puljaur and I followed him on horseback. We had to go fast, for the people we met told us he was running: we overtook him at Leh, imprisoned him, and found eight of my rupees on his person. We locked him up, and then awaited the arrival of the camp, when Malik was considerably astonished by being made prisoner. I got a good many rupees out of his pockets, and some skilfully sewn up in a bag of raisins, and about twenty fleeces that he bought with

my money. He swore that the money was all his own, although he had not yet received any wages. Moreover, he had no idea whether I had accused him on suspicion, or whether any one had informed on him. The trial came off next day, and it was rather an amusing scene; the hall of justice being crowded, every one speaking, and contradicting each other all the time. I had sent notice for all the witnesses I wanted to be brought to Leh; and as I read out from my daily account-book, each man was asked what amount he had received; for instance, I paid sixteen rupees for two bundles of tea into the merchant's own hand myself; Malik had gone to the man afterwards, and said that, as the tea was so bad, the sahib would only take one bundle, and give seven rupees for it, thereby securing nine for himself. Malik bore a good character in his chits, and I always like to trust a man who serves me, if I possibly can. Nobody grudges a khansammah using a little of his master's tea, or charging an anna too much occasionally by way of "dustooore;" but when he cheats other people, his master's good name suffers. After a fair trial, Malik was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

All villagers in an out-of-the-way part of the country have a traditional awe of the sahibs, so

your servants often take supplies without paying for them, and tell the villagers that if they complain the sahib will thrash them. I have mentioned all this about Malik because I wished to draw the attention of men who, like myself, trust natives more than they deserve. In Cashmere you are furnished with purwannahs and a Sepoy to obtain supplies. Owing to the conduct of servants from Hindustan, who come up here with their masters, the villagers have no desire to bring supplies to your camp of their own accord, as they generally fear that the bearer will not give them enough for their goods. If you get supplies through the lombardar of the village, he will send an order for such a cottage to find so many eggs, to another for so much milk, and so on. Perhaps the whole value of the supplies will be two rupees, of which a few pice go to one cottage and a few annas to another, according to what supplies came from each. If you tell the Sepoy to pay this, he will be sure to pocket some of the money. If you give the money into one man's hand, and tell the others to get their shares from him, they will all swear that they furnished more things than they did, and will be sure to quarrel. If you tell the Kardar to pay them, he will not give them anything. For a long trip here,

you should leave every one of your Hindustani servants behind. The Cashmeries are greater liars, if it could be possible, than the men from the plains; but they are not nearly such great thieves, though they cheat as much. The best way to see that the natives get their due is to pay them yourself, always having lots of small change with you. When they see that the sahib pays himself, they will at first all raise their prices; but if any one demands more than you think he ought to get, tell him: "Very well: I will pay you through your Kardar." This will silence the most discontented creditor. The people in Cashmere are only too glad to see us, except that our servants counteract our popularity. At a place called Nyeh, I was much astonished once, by seeing all the men, women, and children driving off their cattle, or shutting them up. On inquiring the cause of the panic, I was told that an officer had been here surveying, and while he was on the hills his Sepoys and servants remained in the village, killing a sheep occasionally, and scarcely paying for anything. One item I recollect: they paid one Chilkee rupee for forty-four Seres of flour and a fine goat! None of them dare complain, for fear of the Sepoys.

I cannot understand why Cashmere is being con-

tinually surveyed. You see a "compas wallah's" mark on every hill. The natives naturally think them a very great nuisance, as they are accompanied by several Sepoys, and require a large number of coolies; and wherever their camp passes provisions get dearer. In the large map of the Punjaub and adjacent regions, every little hamlet in Ladak is printed, while several places in the Punjaub with some thousands of inhabitants are entirely unnoticed. I can understand an expedition to measure a glacier, or take the altitude of a gigantic mountain; but I cannot understand the object of a dozen officers surveying Cashmere for a dozen years.

I saw some ouriar and doe ibex on my march back to Drass. The ibex seemed small about here. Ouriar are called shapoor in Ladak; they are to be found near Lameroo, but they are not so numerous as in the Punjaub. At this place (Lameroo) a friend of mine had just shot at an ouriar, and wounded an ox instead. I have often seen them feeding in the midst of cattle.

Here I took a fond farewell of Puljaur; and I really felt quite dull for some time after his departure. He left me to burn and bury the ashes of his grandmother, but did not seem very melancholy about the sad event, and told me how much butter

he meant to put on the old lady to make her blaze up quick on the funeral pile.

Near Drass I met a Sepoy bringing grass-shoes for some officer in Ladak. If intended for the country where I travelled, they would not last five minutes, as they soon get torn up on gravel and stones. I found the Ladak shoes very comfortable; but in shooting where there is no snow, the chuplees would be the best things to wear, as they are best suited for a dry, stony country like Thibet.

I sent my skins and heads to Serinuggur, and turned to the right from Drass. On August 21st I killed two brown bears. One was small, but had more fat on its body than all the bears I ever killed. The other I shot coming out of its bath. About this time I heard that a son of Risark, an old, well-known Cashmere shikaree, had been murdered. His wife had fallen in love with another man: the two pushed him off a bridge into the river below, where the poor fellow was drowned. At Gurys, I took a man named Raieem to show me the ground. I got within 150 yards of a fine ibex one day, when the wind changed. The ibex prepared to bolt, and I risked a long shot without effect. This often happens to the stalker; even while you are aiming, the game may smell you and



jump away. Unless you are quite sure that there are no others near, it is better not to fire than to risk a long shot on these occasions. You may be able to hit "the centre" every shot at 600 yards, but you will find it much more difficult to kill an ibex at 150 among the rocks. On August 22nd I made another miss, and mention it as a hint. I fired at a bear about twenty yards off. There being nothing to rest my rifle on, my pole being forgotten, and the side of the hill being too steep to sit or kneel on, I fired off Kurreem's shoulder, and hit the bank some yards above Bruin. Mem. : Never fire off your shikaree. After walking he is out of breath, and cannot give you a sure rest, however much he may try to be steady. Always take your pole with you. Your shikaree will carry it when you are near the game. You can rest your rifle on your two fingers very well, holding the pole in your left hand. I often used mine like this when I was obliged to fire standing up. Oddly enough, I had to use my pole this very evening to kill a bear, firing over some bushes.

I had intended going after ibex near here, but a new road was just being made over the hill for the Rajah's troops to go to Gilgit. Some other places that I wanted to try being engaged, and

as it only wanted a few days to when the stag-shooting began, I resolved again to leave the ibex alone. On the 1st of September I walked to a little hillock, where I had slept and lunched in the morning, and where all the coolies had halted for some time. Never thinking to see anything, I was walking along with my hands in my pockets, singing a tuneful lay at the top of my voice, when out rushed a great bear from the very rock under which I had slept and eaten my lunch. The ground being soft, I could see that the bear must have been there all the day. I suppose that though he did not mind the coolies talking, yet my singing was too much for his ear for music. Next day I found a large dead bear killed by wild dogs. These brutes spoil the country where they hunt. I seldom saw them in Thibet, and never in Cashmere; they hunt, I believe, mostly at night. Many near the Wurdwan.

On the 4th I shot a large bear, and put another bullet through its head, to make sure. A heavy shower of rain came down; so Kurreem and I waited under a tree, close to the bear, until it ceased. When the storm was over, Kurreem began to sharpen his knife, preparatory to skinning the bear. I told him to wait until I loaded my rifle again; he smiled, and said the bear had been dead

an hour, and so I thought myself; but, to our astonishment, while we were talking, up jumped Bruin and ran away. I followed up, and gave him two more shots through the head and finished him. It was lucky that I had been so cautious, or Kur-reem would have been hurt to a certainty. Stories about the tenacity of life in the bear are the staple lies of the natives. Two shikarees solemnly informed me that they once shot a bear, cut its throat to make sure, skinned it, pushed the body into the river, when the bear came to life again and swam away.

On the 5th it had been raining hard, and my rifles were in their covers; when the rain ceased, I told my man to uncase them; just as he had done so, up jumped a young burra singh, and stood till I killed it. When not raining hard, your rifles should be always uncased and ready. On bad ground, your shikarees like to put them in their covers and sling them over their backs, so that they can have free use of both hands. Never allow this, as you often come suddenly on game, and might lose the shot while uncasing. On bad ground go slower, but always have your rifles ready. It was now very near the rutting season, but until the stags begin to call you have little sport with them, as in the jungle

you cannot see them from a distance. If you know their feeding-places or favourite drinking spots, you can kill them easy enough at this time. I now devoted one week to killing brown bears.

On the 18th I shot a large bear in some long grass; it cantered off. I followed the track, and sent Kurreem up a little hillock to look out. After searching some time, I could see that the bear must have made for the plain below; so I returned to Kurreem, and asked him which way the bear went. He replied that the bear had galloped across the plain to the jungle on the other side. I knew that the bear was too hard hit for this, so said nothing, resolving to wait a little. Kurreem kept on asking me to go home, as the sun was now getting hot. I suspected, from his manner, that he was deceiving me, so I refused to stir. Presently the bear rose up from some bushes about a hundred yards ahead, and moved off slowly to a ravine leading to the plain below. Owing to the nature of the ground, I was some time getting round, and when I got to the other side, Bruin had disappeared in the jungle, and I lost him. I now returned to Kurreem, to ask the meaning of his lie. He showed me a large swelling in his groin that he got from constant walking, and said that it was so painful he could not follow the

bear with me, and he did not like me to go alone. I could see that the swelling was painful, so I said nothing, but made him keep at home till well. It was a fine bear, and very annoying to lose the skin; but it is no use being angry with yourself or any one else on the hill-side, so I gave Kurreem some Holloway's ointment, and killed a fine bear by myself in the evening.

On the 20th, I was seated in the jungle, eating my breakfast; Kurreem and Raieem eating theirs, a few yards off me; when I heard an animal moving towards me. Having in vain endeavoured to make Kurreem hear me, I threw a piece of cold pudding at him. He brought my rifle, and directly after a bear appeared, which I killed. From the 13th to the 20th of this month I killed bears every day.

About this time, I noticed the discussions in the *Field* about the olfactory nerves of birds. So I began to notice the vultures here, and I came to the conclusion that they possess the power of smelling to a very strong degree. I believe a vulture uses his eyes most, but I believe that their noses often help them to a meal. I have killed bears, and they have died in a very life-like position, as if they were simply asleep, with their heads between their paws. I have then watched the vultures, and none of them came to

the carcase. I have then skinned the bear, and they came directly. The rooks, though, generally spoil this experiment if they are near you at the time. Smell ascends nearly as much as sound, I believe, after a time. Once in Thibet, after skinning and cutting up an ovis ammon, Puljaur and I went on, leaving the coolies to bring on the meat; we could smell the entrails for several hundred yards, till we had crossed to the other side of the hill.

I must finish this chapter with an account of the bears of Cashmere. Poor Bruin has had a hard time of it, since officers began to visit Cashmere. According to the natives, they are woefully diminished in numbers. Places formerly inhabited by a dozen are only inhabited by one now. Two hundred bears must be annually killed in Cashmere, besides those that are not bagged, and die of their wounds. If they were to write their adventures, some of them would have queer stories to tell, I suppose, nearly every bear in the country must have been shot at some time or other. One Sahib came here on purpose to kill a bear, and one day he got close to one feeding; just as he was about to fire, the bear raised his head and looked at him;—the hunter threw down his rifle and bolted, and never went after bears again, not liking their looks. At a hill near Lah, two Sahibs

fired at a bear together, and then ran away, both of them. One friend of mine, of an excitable disposition, used to fire, miss, throw down his rifle, and then actually run after the bear, till he got out of breath or tumbled down. Another officer, after blazing away without success for some time, at length killed his first bear in the following manner:—A black bear went into a cottage to steal some honey; the inmates ran out, shutting the door behind them: next morning the Sahib arrived, and had a piece of the roof taken off. After being missed about twenty times, Bruin at length yielded up his skin on the floor, among the goods and chattels of the house. There are several accidents yearly up here, killing bears. In most of the cases that I know of, the officer was accompanied by one of the pretender class of shikarees. The bears of the Peer Punjal and Kurnaul have the reputation of being the fiercest, and I have seen some fearful wounds inflicted by them. The black bear is supposed to be fiercer than the brown. I don't think, naturally, there is much difference in them, but the black bear feeds among the villages, so he hears men about him all day and does not dread them so much. Moreover, he is generally shot at when feeding in the jungle. So, if wounded and followed, he has an advantage over the brown fellow

in escaping observation, and in pouncing out on you among the bushes. On the other hand, the brown bear runs away on the bare hill-side; so you can see him first when you are following him, but if you come on him unprepared, he is just as fierce as the other. I have known numbers of men wounded by them. On one occasion a brown bear pounced on one of my servants who was cutting wood, and began clawing him on the back; and it was with some difficulty a number of men who were close by could frighten the bear away. On one occasion a brown bear "charged" out at me from a rock, underneath which I was walking. Luckily my rifle was in my hand, and I killed it quick. If a bear looks at you, and then comes at you full tilt, it is called a "charge." But if you fire at a bear, and he turns round and without pausing bolts towards you, and knocking you over runs on, it is not considered a charge. Having killed a good many bears, I am of opinion that a bear will seldom charge directly at you, unless he has the apparent advantage. I have shot at bears and had them turn and come hard at me; but this is not a charge, for if you don't move he will run right up against you. The report of the rifle and pain of the bullet astonishes him so much, that he rushes blindly in any direction, and dashes up against you



by mere chance. But, unless he growls, raises his forepaws, and comes deliberately at you, it is not a charge.

I must now give a few hints about hunting the brown bear. You cannot distinguish for certain between the sexes, if you see a bear alone. As a general rule, the male is longer in the body, is of a darker brown, and has a larger head; but I have seen females bigger than old males very often. I have often asked a shikaree, "What sex?" when standing over a dead bear, and found them guess wrong, though these men have been among them all their lives. If you see a bear and cub, you can be sure that the big one is the mother, and pass on, though sometimes the cub remains with its mother until it has grown to be nearly as big. Towards the end of the year, you often see two old males together. According to the shikarees, the Wurdwan is the best place for brown bears. I never went in that direction, but know that there are nearly as many, near Kilale, and in the country behind Gurys towards Suti. For the black bears Lolab, Lah Pergunnah, and near Changus, are as good places as any. You see very few brown bears before April, which is the best time to kill them, as their coats are in good condition; besides which, they are not fat at this time, so you

can dress the skins much better. You should be well up the hill by day-break, and hunt till 10 A.M., Then stop, and begin again about four o'clock in the afternoon. On cloudy days you see them till later in the morning and earlier in the afternoon; and, if there has been a frost in the night, they will remain out an hour later, until the sun has softened the grass and earth a little. You can see Bruin from afar, and all you have to do is to take care that he does not smell you. If the wind keeps good, you might walk up and pat him on the back, I dare say, if you liked to try. I have got within a yard or two of one on the open plain, and then sat down and fired. When you get within two hundred yards, on an open plain, you had better stoop, and go on carefully. When his head is in your direction, stop—when away, go on. When within ninety yards or so, go on hand and knee, never taking your eyes off the bear's head for a second. Having got as close as you can, do not fire unless he stands well for you; and when he is full broadside on, hit him just behind the shoulder; if anything, a trifle low. Bears almost invariably give a snapping sort of growl, but sometimes take the bullet in silence. If Bruin falls to your shot, approach him slowly from above, with your rifle ready, and, before going right up, give him several

hard pokes with your pole. Always be above, or on a level, behind stones. If you don't kill him dead, he should be followed as hard as you can go, because if he gets to the jungle you will most likely lose him. If you keep your eye on him, he is not likely to see you first, as they generally slacken their pace, then give a stare, and then go on; so if on the look-out you can drop before he sees you. In September they afford you better sport, as then they are much higher up on the hills, and give you more walking. Bears are killed easily if the shooter is steady, and hits them forward. I have known some sportsmen who consider that you ought to have rifles of very large calibre to kill bears. I found a blunt Enfield bullet big enough, and seldom gave them a second barrel except to put them out of pain. Bears are the very worst practice for a beginner, as, except to avoid being smelt, they require no care. Bears recover well from wounds, I think, being clean feeders as a general rule. A great many authors and sportsmen deny that bears eat flesh. It is a mistake; certainly, the natural food of the animal is grass, roots, and fruit. He is very short-sighted, so he can only kill game when he gets them in a good position to stalk. He kills horses by getting near them when feeding on rocky ground, and runs them among the stones,

where the horse can hardly move. He then attacks them, generally behind, often eating a great piece out of the hind-quarters, and, going away; the wretched horse sometimes remains alive for a whole day after the first attack. When the bear goes after sheep he is generally driven off by the shepherds and dogs, and it is not often that he can find a horse feeding among rocks. All the game are far too knowing and active for him to catch, so it is not worth his while to live on flesh, as, if he did, he would have many a blank day's hunting, and get thin. But, if he finds a wounded or sick animal, or carcase of any description, he will make a good hearty meal off it. I have known two bears try to take a dead horse from a cheetah. They were growling and fighting near my tent all night, and at dawn, when I went to look at the place, I found the ground all torn up from the struggles, and not a particle of the horse remaining. I often have had my meat spoiled by bears when I killed game too late to carry it home that night. I once shot a bear breakfasting off a horse that he had killed. When I got near him, he had just done, and walked slowly off; I followed, and killed him. He was an old male; as usual, he had torn the horse on the hind-quarters; when I saw him he was feeding off the neck. The shikarees say that, if you rub

the body of an animal you have shot with gunpowder, the bears will not eat its flesh. I have tried this often, but it has no effect. A better plan is to wrap your coolies' blanket round the carcase, though, I believe, nothing could stop a hungry bear from his meal. Bruin has very powerful olfactory nerves, and smells flesh an immense way off. When the bear makes love to Mrs. Bruin, the natives assert that he is obliged to use force; he takes branches off trees, and literally ties her down. Considering his bulk and look, Bruin is a very active animal, and will bound over places where a man cannot follow. Six feet ten inches is the largest brown bear I ever killed, and 5 ft. 8 in. the largest she-bear. The measure should be always taken before skinning the animal.

The black bear in Cashmere affords no sport at all. During the summer and autumn they are all down among the villages, climbing the trees for mulberries or walnuts. You have only to walk to the tree, and fire, and Bruin falls dead, or scuttles off to the jungle. Early in the morning, or twilight, is the best time to seek for them; and also, if you like, by moonlight. Occasionally they seem startled at smelling you, but generally do not, because they are accustomed to see and hear the villagers near

them all day. Of a night, if a bear is up a tree, go underneath with a lighted torch: the natives say that if you kindle a fire the bear will remain up the tree till daylight. A bear must be a fool indeed to do so; but I know that they will remain long enough to let you shoot at them if you take a lantern under a cloth and suddenly show it when under the tree. The black bear, when hit, gives several angry growls, as if swearing at you; the brown only gives one growl, as if saying, Oh! in pain. If not killed dead, and you follow up the bear in the jungle, you should be very careful. No matter how sharp you and your shikaree may be, you are no match for Bruin when you are creeping among thorns and bushes. Black bears here afford no sport; it is not shooting at all, it is merely potting a black thing in a tree. Take care you do not mistake a young black ox for a big black bear. I have known this occur several times, and, oddly enough, the majority of the accidents happened to members of the medical profession. However, the cost of an ox here is not much; so, if you kill one by mistake, it will not ruin you.

I can assure the reader that if he has a fondness for stalking, he will despise bear-killing, and will never shoot at them if there is a chance of

anything else. If a man were to hunt for nothing else but bears, and kill a hundred in his six months' leave, he would not have enjoyed such real sport as he would, had he killed ten buck ibex or markhoor.

If you want the grease, hunt the bears near villages; they are always the fattest. I may mention, in addition, that bears do not hear very well. I have amused myself by calling to "Butcha Wallahs," and they often require shouting before they get alarmed, and then they did not seem to know from which direction the sounds proceeded. You should be careful with your skins, and not trust to your servants. While you are on the hill, they all go to sleep, so, if on returning, you find that every particle of flesh and fat has not been scraped off, you must scold them, and not let them dine till the skins are thoroughly cleaned to your satisfaction. When ready, the skins should be sent to Serinuggur, if you are hunting near there; but the skins must not be carried during the heat of the day. I had eleven spoiled by this at one time. The man at Serinuggur used to charge 1r. 4a. a skin for dressing them; half would be enough, but everything has got dear since the Sahibs came to Cashmere. The inhabitants used to eat fish, but when Gholab Singh shuffled off this

mortal coil, his soul was supposed to have entered one of the finny tribe. So the wretched Cashmeries are forbidden to catch them. Like everything else, mutton has increased in price; but you must live on it, and nothing else.

I have not given the dimensions of the largest black bear I ever killed, as I never went after them, or fired at them, if there was the slightest chance of seeing anything else. There were none unusually large among those few that I did kill.



## CHAPTER III.

**Bolt from a Bear—Excited Shikarees—Going to “hal lal”—Love while in pain—Sultan Shikaree—Shikarees—First Ibex and Markhoor—Return to Nowshera.**

ON September 22nd, Raieem and I were walking through the forest, all my coolies and baggage being on another path, some distance above us, when suddenly we heard a great shouting and cries of “Harput!” (bear), and soon we heard him crashing down towards us. Raieem being some distance ahead, carrying my rifle, and the bear being close upon me, I bolted ignominiously behind a tree, and Bruin rushed by me after Raieem, who gave utterance to a most frightful yell. Bruin seemed astonished by Raieem’s shriek, for he turned aside and galloped on. The brute had been eating a horse he had killed, and when my coolies came suddenly upon him, he bolted through the midst of them, and came crashing and growling in our direction. Bears occasionally kill sheep in numbers; I heard of twenty-seven being killed out of the same flock in

one night. They do not stop to eat, but keep on killing; what flesh they want they hide in the earth, or cover it with stones, or lie down upon it. On the 24th, I shot a twelve point stag through the neck, and it fell; the coolie who was with me ran to "hal lal" it. I called him back, and told Kurreem to go and do it. Just as he approached the stag, it got up, and began to move slowly off to the jungle. I literally yelled at Kurreem to drop and let me fire again, but it was no use; he thought he could catch the stag, I suppose, and it got to the jungle, and I never saw it again. This was provoking, but shikarees often get so excited that they seem to lose their senses. Once, near Erin, I shot a large black bear; it fell, and began tearing up the earth. I sat down, and was preparing to put a bullet through its head, when the shikaree who was with me ran towards the bear, and frightened it off. I suppose he was going to skin it alive. When you fire at game, you should keep quite still. I have often seized my shikaree by the nape of his neck, and forced him down, when getting excited. Don't stir hand or foot till the game is out of sight; then tell your man to go and "hal lal." You should approach the animal first, with your rifle ready. If it has been shot some time, let your man go first, because, if no one is

watching him, he will "hal lal," whether the animal has been dead an hour or not, and it is sinful to waste meat.

On the 26th I slept at a musheed, or village house of prayer. The old Lombardar washed himself, and then went in to pray; presently, out he came and washed himself again. On asking the reason, he told me that he had sneezed while repeating his prayers, so had to commence all over again.

On the 10th October I shot a stag through the shoulders, but did not bag. Next day, when going by the place where I had wounded it, I heard a stag calling; while approaching it, my man fell down and displaced a lot of mud and shingle. The stag rose up about eighty yards below us, and I was rather astonished to see that it was the same that I wounded yesterday. He limped slowly up the bank to the jungle. I did not fire, hoping he would stand. I followed him, but the jungle was so thick that he saw or heard us first, and we lost him, as there was no blood to help up on his track. I could see my bullet-mark distinctly on his shoulder; however, he did not seem to care much, as he was bellowing as loud as on the day before. I killed several burra singh about this time, but only one with really very fine antlers. I then went to two

places near Erin, but found other sportsmen there already; so, as I had not yet killed an ibex, I resolved to leave the stags, and try to kill one. I went first to Gurys, but found some shikarees on the hill with dogs. The grass was now on fire all over the country, and I tried several good places without seeing an ibex.

I now took a shikaree named Sultan, and he remained in my service until I returned to Europe. I found him a good servant; he was a silent man—a great virtue in a hunter—and I always took him with me when approaching game. As far as stalking goes, an officer who is really a good hand at it would kill more game by himself; but it is no good being a good stalker, unless you know every inch of the ground as well. Until you have been a hunter some time, you will find your shikaree much sharper with his eyes than yourself. You must also have a man with you to “hal lal” the game, or your servants will not eat it. A beginner is often astonished at the eyesight of his shikaree. You must recollect that he drinks only water, and has lived on the hills all his life. You must likely smoke and drink wine or spirits, and have had your vision bounded by the four walls of a room during the greater part of your life. After I had hunted a few months, I became as sharp-sighted

as any of my shikarees. A native is a better man on the hill than you are, at first ; not that he is more active or muscular, but he steps lighter, and uses his feet as readily as his hands ; while your feet have been shut up in boots, and have little or no pliability or adaptability to new ground. Going up hill, Europeans tread too much on the fore part of the foot ; no matter how steep, the native treads flat, so does not tire the muscles so much.

On November 30th I saw a male ibex ; Sultan and I slid in the dry leaves to within ninety yards, being partially concealed by bushes, and only moving when the ibex had his head the other way. For some time it kept knocking its horns against a tree ; when it stood still, I took a steady aim and fired. It cantered off a few yards and stood again. I fired another steady shot, and the ibex went off. Sultan said I had missed ; I was certain it was not my fault if I had. After looking about for some time, and not finding any blood, we sat down to watch some more a long way off. It being too late to go after them, we remained sitting two hours to see in what direction they would go. When we got up to return, I said I would look for my bullets, to see where they had struck ; and, while searching, Sultan saw the ibex lying dead within twenty yards of where I had

fired last. Why we did not see it before I do not know. The meat was wasted, but I took the horns and skin.

I now wanted a markhoor, and tried some time for them in the country near Baramulla. I found shikarees out on every hill. I found some fresh tracks, and sat two days behind a stone, shikarees being on the hills all round me. At length, a young male came; I did not see it till it was within ten yards of me, and it was about the closest shot I ever fired. I then went to Kuthai, but found shikarees all over the place; and there being no sport for a stalker in Cashmere during the winter, I returned to Nowshera. I opened tins of soup, bacon, and bottles of sauce, for my Christmas dinner; and found, on my arrival, that I opened them a day too soon, having made a mistake in my diary somehow or other.

## CHAPTER IV.

Cashmere—Shooting in the Winter—Burra Singh—Game not so knowing in the Spring—Misses, and how to avoid them—Snakes in the Breakfast Dishes—Catching young Bears—Large Bear—Markhoor Shooting—Scarcity of Game this Season—Markhoor come to my Luncheon—Sold by Sepoys—Natives and Patience—Loose Bullets—Enfield Rifle—Game at a Distance—Fleas—After Ibex—Shooting—A stupid Stag—Bears, Stags, Ibex, &c.—Catch an Ibex by the Tail—Stupid Mistake—Doe comes to Lunch—Blunt Knife costs me a Stag's Head.

EUROPEANS are not allowed to remain in Cashmere during the cold weather, and between November and the end of February it would not be worth any one's while to do so. Occasionally, the burra singh are driven down by the snow close to the villages, when the poor brutes are caught and killed; even the women catch them on these occasions. When the snow gets hard enough for walking on, the shikarees say that you can kill the burra singh very easily, as they are then weak, and cannot move away quickly on the deep snow, their feet sinking in; but this

would afford no pleasure to the stalker. This season no snow had fallen, except on the summit of the hills. I got to Cashmere again about the 25th of February, and tried for burra singh till the end of March. I did not kill any good stags, all the big fellows keeping to the woods. The snow that ought to have fallen before did not fall till March, so it spoiled my sport. This year (1861) turned out to be the worst for shooting ever known latterly in Cashmere, owing to the same scarcity of water that caused the famine in India. Hardly any snow fell; so the game could go just where they liked. I first saw a black bear on the 18th of March; the first brown fellow, on the 5th of April; being butcha wallas, I let them off, as usual. During the first part of April I killed about ten burra singh, but no good heads among them. At this time, all the big fellows have shed their horns. When you are hunting burra singh at this time of the year, you will find that, like all game when eating the new spring grass, they are not near so knowing as usual, and do not run off so quickly when alarmed: so, when you have emptied your rifle, load again directly. I once fired my four barrels, killing none; I then loaded again, and killed a stag, my sixth shot. By the way, I have mentioned very few misses in this book,



simply because, when I did miss, there happened to be nothing to note about the stalks. He would be a queer sportsman who has not had his share.

I will now give my reader a few hints to help him to miss as seldom as possible, but I would much rather not invariably hit and kill; as when bagging game becomes a certainty, the sport loses half its charm.

Never fire off the edge of a rock if you can possibly avoid it, as the gun often shakes, or slips, when thus used; besides, a piece of rock may be in line with the muzzle and may escape your notice. This happened to me twice, the bullet touching the stone within a foot of the muzzle.

Always cast your own bullets, or you may fire off a hollow one occasionally if you trust to your servants to make them.

When drawing to the end of a stalk, go slower, and if you are out of breath, rest a little before going to look over the ridge from whence you expect to fire.

On approaching game, don't hold your breath and walk on tiptoe, or you will be sure to get out of breath: tread naturally and carefully, breathing as you like, and remember that it is not the rustling of twigs that an animal minds so much, but the

"thud, thud," of a stamping foot. Of course, all depends on the nature of the ground and on how near you may be.

Do not fire unless the animal presents a good shot. Of course, if you think he has seen or smelt you, you must fire at him as he stands.

When taking aim, you should see the greater part of the animal's body above your foresight.

Sitting is the best position for firing; if you can't sit, kneel, or fire from your knee.

Do not try the Hythe position, as you wear grass shoes, and might hurt yourself.

If you rest your rifle on anything, only rest it at the muzzle.

Pull the trigger gradually, which is half the secret of good rifle-shooting, though it is tantalizing at game, but the accuracy repays you for the trifling delay.

You should always use the same kind of powder, and the same charge, and always load slowly if you possibly can.

An animal generally looks farther off than he really is, especially among hills and ravines. *Across* a ravine he looks nearer than he is.

Always use the same barrel first at the stalk shot; and I should recommend you always to use the

left, as the trigger of that barrel comes nicer to the pull.

Twigs sometimes turn a bullet firing through bushes. Avoid this if you can; there is nothing like a clear shot.

Never let a shikaree speak to you when near game. You often hear them praying for the shot to kill, and they are very fond of whispering, "Aim at the singwallah."

Never fire at running game on the hills: wait till he stops. An animal will almost always stop and have a stare after he has gone some distance.

When approaching game, draw your barrels across your left arm, and give a puff at the back sight to remove the dust.

Never cock a barrel unless just going to fire it.

I have now given a few general hints to help you to avoid missing, but the chief thing is to be cool and never in a hurry.

On April 22nd, I heard of a brown bear that had attacked several shepherds near a place called Sudderkote. I got up early and killed it. I then told Sultan to fetch my breakfast, which was wrapped up in a blanket, lying some few yards behind. On opening the blanket, out rolled two great snakes, one of which we killed. They were snakes of the

venomous kind, and very deadly wounds are inflicted by them, according to the natives. On the 27th we caught two young bears, after pelting the mother with stones for half an hour to drive her off. After securing them, I relented, and released the little fellows, and was rewarded by killing a fine ibex a little farther on. If you want to catch cubs, it is best to kill the mother first; but the cubs must be very small, or you will not succeed in catching them. On May 2nd I killed a very large bear. After I first hit him, he made for the jungle, and as I kept running along the hill above him, and only taking hasty shots at him whenever he stopped, I could not finish him. We followed him a very long way, and I finally killed him in the middle of a river. I fired four bullets into him as he stood in the water. He hardly took any notice of them, never moving, and I was beginning to load again, when the current washed him off his legs. He was whirled along about a hundred yards, till the current washed him against some rocks, where he stuck fast and was drowned, his head being jammed between two rocks under the water. I had fired eight bullets into him altogether, but wounded game almost always take most lead. I generally found one bullet quite enough for bears, and seldom fired a second

shot, except to put them out of pain. This bear measured 6 ft. 10 in. as he lay on the ground before being skinned.

I was hunting at this time for markhoor, near Baramulla. Sultan, who was after them the year before on these hills, with an officer, told me that he saw them in twenties and thirties nearly every day. I never saw more than seven together; but this was certainly the worst season for shooting ever known in Cashmere. On the 13th, we saw six good males together. We got to the nullee, where they were, and lay down till evening, hoping to stalk them when they began to feed. Not seeing them till very late, we began to search the nullee. The markhoor had gone round below. We had not seen them do so, and had gone too far up. They began to feed close to the place where we had slept and lunched. One fine old buck went to the very spot, where the ground was strewn with bits of chicken-bones. He just put his nose to the ground and took a sniff, then away he dashed, all the others following. On the 19th, I wounded a good male, and followed him to a snow nullee, where I lost the track. Soon afterwards, two sepoy, from Kurnaul, passed my camp, and told my men that they had found a dead markhoor in this nullee. I went, and

searched, and found the markhoor; but the sepoy had forgotten to mention that they had taken the horns away with them. It was my markhoor sure enough, though I could not reckon it in my bag. The sepoy sold the horns at Serinuggur. I killed three good males about this time, and several smaller.

On June 3rd, I waited till late in the evening in a nullee. At length, Sultan said it was no use waiting any longer; so we returned to our sleeping-place, which was close by amongst the rocks. I drank a cup of coffee, and then came back by myself; and after waiting a little while, I saw three fine markhoor come out to feed. It was getting dark, so I did not go back to tell Sultan to come and "hal lal," but began the stalk at once. I knocked one over, and then wounded another as they stood, and followed him up; but it got so dark, I gave it up, and returned to where I had shot the first. To my surprise, I found it not dead, but walking slowly on towards a large ravine. I followed, but night set in; it was quite impossible to see, and I returned to my tent. During the night, it rained hard, and next day I could find no track, and did not bag. It served me right losing both, because I ought to have made sure of the first, instead of following the other,

which seemed slightly hit. If I had had a shikaree with me to take up the track, while I gave the first another bullet, I might possibly have bagged both. Shikarees possess little of that virtue—patience. They cannot sit still and wait long, unless they can go to sleep. They keep on clearing their throats, scratching themselves, searching for fleas, taking snuff, re-arranging their puggarees. In fact, it is harder work for them to sit still than to climb hills. On a hot day especially, game often do not appear till very late. Over and over again has a shikaree proposed to me to return, and I have replied, “Wait a bit,” and soon afterwards killed game.

On June 7th, I fired a steady shot at a fine buck, about ninety yards off, standing on a ridge of snow. My bullet hit about a yard straight below the mark-hoor. I was naturally much surprised, having aimed as steadily as usual. The cause of the miss was soon apparent; for as I was walking to dig the bullet out, the other dropped out of my rifle. I had made some new patches that morning of the usual size, but had not noticed that the linen was of a thinner quality than that which I had been using before. When I loaded I thought that the bullet went down easier than usual; but having just washed out the rifle, I did not think much of it at the time. I am sure

that bullets ought to fit a little tight, even those on the expansive principle. I believe that more regular shooting would be obtained from the Enfield rifle, if patches were used.

A great many have abused the Enfield rifle, and it certainly is by no means a perfect weapon ; but we had to adopt a long-range rifle in a hurry : and this being equal to any invented at the time, we adopted it. Now that we have done so, we had better not change it in a hurry. Many cry out for the hexagonal Whitworth ; but it would be wise to keep to the Enfield until we can get something indisputably superior. This superiority the Whitworth does not possess. A military weapon must be a long one ; and for safety you must have a thick, heavy barrel, if it is one on the Whitworth principle. The Enfield will throw a ball into a regiment at 1,200 yards and more. The Whitworth can do the same at 2,000 ; but what advantage is gained ? Your artillery must be used at these distances if you can see the enemy ; but how few are the places where you can get a clear view of a hundred soldiers 2,000 yards off. When they get within hitting distance, the Enfield has two advantages : it carries a thicker bullet, and there is far greater ease in loading it. The rifles now made for the troops are not well per-



cussioned, the communication hole being far too large. This detracts from the shooting force of the rifle. If the locks were not armed with such powerful mainsprings, the hammers would blow up to half-cock every time the rifles are fired. The barrel is far too light and soft for good shooting. The same barrel, if mounted on a light stock like a sporting rifle, would be found to shoot very badly. However, the rifle as it is now is good enough; and until a weapon is produced almost perfect in every principle and detail, it will not be worth our while to change.

On the 8th I saw some fine buck markhoor lying down on a rock amongst some jungle. There were several rocks near the spot, and, when we had got round, I was quite sure that we had gone too low; but my shikaree swore I was mistaken. I was right, for, yielding to the man's obstinacy, we went on, and walked right under the markhoor, and they bolted without giving me a chance. When you have seen game a long way off, take notice of some tree or stone, as a guide to their whereabouts, when getting near. On the hills the ground is very deceiving, and, after you have walked some way round, you will often be at a loss to recognize the exact spot where you first sighted the game. Always stalk from

above, and then, if you have come out of the way, you stand less chance of being seen first.

I now returned to Serinuggur for one night, to meet some friends of my regiment, who were on leave. The musquitoes were in swarms all along the river; I never saw so many before anywhere. The fleas, too, in Cashmere are a great nuisance. You should change your shirt morning and night, and never sleep in a house at a village, but always in your tent, or in the open air. When halting, all your clothes and bedding should be hung up in the sun during the whole day. I tried the mercury dodge, mentioned in Galton's "Art of Travel." I found it of no use. A bag of mint is the best thing; but mint is not to be got everywhere.

I now resolved to try for ibex, not having killed many up to this time. I left Serinuggur, June 20th. May is the best month for ibex hunting; but I thought that if I went after them at that time I should get no markhoor, and I was anxious to combine the chase after both. I tried the country between Drass and Kilale, and I did not have the luck to see a good male ibex until August 3; I killed several little fellows meantime. Three other parties were hunting over the same ground just before me. The dryness of the season spoiled the shooting. In

some places the game had literally gone away to search for water. On the 27th I killed a bear on the shore of the Gungabul Lake. [Once a year numbers of Hindoos come here and cast into the water little earthen cakes, containing the ashes of their relations who may have died during the year.] This bear had just killed a horse, and had dragged the body close to the water. On the 29th, I killed a young buck ibex, a stag burra singh, and a bear. Since then, I do not recollect killing one of each sort in one day, though it might happen any day, as you often see burra singh on ibex ground, and bears everywhere. On July 11th, I killed two musk deer; they were both together. I killed the first dead, and fired at the other, after it had run and stood a long way off. I fired several shots at it, the shots hitting the rock all about it. At last it went slowly off; I followed, got within ten yards, and killed it. None of my other shots had touched it. It was a doe, full of milk, which accounted for its letting me blaze at it so often. The males have two little tusks about three inches in curve, but, unless you are very close, you cannot tell the doe from the buck. On the 17th I killed a stag; I got close to it, and sat down to wait till it rose up from the long grass where it was lying. Sultan, who was with me, suddenly slipped, and displaced some

stones, making a great noise. The stag did not even turn his head at the sound.

Next day I went out, taking only a coolie with me, to carry my spare rifle. I saw two large bears and got close, and fired a shot into each, hitting the second in the throat as he came towards me. I followed the first, which went a long way down the hill, and killed it in the wood, and returned for the other. It was getting late, so the coolie told me that the bear had run off to the opposite hill as hard as he could go. I did not believe it, but the man swore that he had watched the bear till out of sight, and said that he kept tearing up grass to put to his wound to stop the bleeding. According to my usual custom of never believing anything a native says, I began to search, and found the bear lying down within twenty yards of the place where I had first shot it. I put a ball through its head, and "chaffed" the coolie all the way home. I used merely to laugh at them, when caught in a lie. This man was about the most hard-working, willing fellow I had in my service, but when asked a question they *must* say something to astonish their masters.

On the 20th, I had another lucky day. I got close to a brown bear in the morning, while stalking; it raised its head and gave a loud growl, and then went

on feeding till I killed it. Soon afterwards, Sultan and I amused ourselves pelting a doe ibex with bits of earth; she had two young ones with her, so let us pelt for ten minutes before moving off. On the hills you never fire at a doe if there is a chance of seeing a buck, especially at this time of year. A little farther on I killed a stag, and then two together in the evening. The horns were quite hard, but had still a little velvet on them. The big fellows get hard first, and shed their horns first. On August 3rd, I came suddenly on a male ibex: I hit him with each barrel and followed up. I could see he was paralyzed, so did not fire again, others being on the hill. I crawled up to it, but from the position in which he was lying, I could not seize him by any part but his tail. I locked my left arm round a bough of a tree, and grasped the tail with my right hand. I whistled to my shikaree to come, who was rather a silly fellow. All this time the ibex was struggling to get away. I held on till the man came, but instead of seizing the animal, he sat down and grinned nervously, not knowing what to do. At length the tail slipped from my grasp, and the ibex glided over the rocks. Next time I caught him by the horns, and soon killed him. I mention this to show how necessary it is always to have a man with you who is accustomed to game.

This man was evidently afraid to touch the ibex, for fear of being dragged over the rocks, and told me so. An animal sometimes breaks away, when you are in the act of seizing it to cut its throat. About two hundred yards farther Sultan joined me, coming back from his house, where he had gone for a day. He had seen a buck ibex just above us. I went and killed it; Sultan ran to hal lal, and found he had forgotten his knife; I ran to the other man for his knife, but by the time I returned the ibex was dead and the meat wasted. Soon afterwards, Sultan found that his knife ~~was~~ in his pocket all the time, having put it there when he changed his belt during the morning.

On the 17th I killed a fine buck ibex, and sat down near it to eat my breakfast, my men eating theirs about fifty yards from me, near the stream. I had made a fire to cook some of the meat, and ~~was~~ roasting away, when presently I observed another ibex coming towards me, about two hundred yards off. I was lying on a flat plane of snow, in the middle of a large ravine; so I dare not move to put the fire out. At length the ibex passed behind a rock, and I kicked out the fire, and upset some snow over the embers. The ibex came on nearer and nearer. Suddenly Sultan ran across to me to see what I was

doing at the fire, as I was pitching the snow about. The ibex saw him and stopped, and instead of bolting, to my surprise, it began coming towards us faster than before. We lay still till it got to fifty yards, and then it stood, and I killed it. It was a doe, however, but the horns were nineteen inches long. This unusual length made it look like a young buck. The does are generally of a red yellowish colour, and don't look so white as the young bucks.

On the 20th of August I went out in the evening, taking only a boy with me, to "hal lal." I had left Sultan at home, as I had killed an eleven-point stag with him in the morning. I saw an eight-point stag, stalked and shot it, and whistled to the boy to bring his knife. He filed and sawed away, but the knife was so blunt it would not enter the skin. I then took the knife myself, and opened the skin with the point, and the boy set to work again, I holding his wrist to help him. As we were working, the stag slipped and rolled down, and finally fell over a rock, smashing the horns to pieces. Your knives should always be sharp, as you often want to skin game in a hurry when it is getting late; besides which, it is more merciful to the animal to cut its throat quick and clean. A small stone for sharpening knives would repay the bother of carrying it about. In the

evening, occasionally, all the knives in camp might be sharpened up.

On the 22nd (I had forgotten to draw the charges the night before) my rifle hung fire at a stag. I knocked it over with the second barrel, and my man ran up the hill to cut its throat. Just as he got near, it got up and bolted. I followed the track for hours, until a storm came on and spoiled it, and I lost the stag. I always went with my shikarees to hal lal game, but this stag fell down the hill such a flop, that I thought he must be stone dead, and as it was some way round to the spot, I let the man go first, in case he might refuse to hal lal.

On the 25th I shot a buck ibex; it gave a loud squall when struck by the bullet. I have heard other game do this, but generally only the young ones call out when shot.



## CHAPTER V.

Accused of Murder—Burra Singh shooting—Vultures—Ferocious Bear—Tenacity of Life in a Bear—Large She-bear—Cholera at Meean Meer—Man wounded by a black Bear—Farewell to Shooting.

ON September 11th I heard that a detachment of sepoys were coming to take me to Serinuggur to answer a charge of killing one of my coolies with a kilta prop, and hiding his body among the rocks. One of my men had had fever badly for ten days, and I sent two men to lead him gently to his house, about a day's march. So the villagers, who saw him passing, thought it a fine opportunity for inventing a tale. However, the sepoys never came, and I am glad they did not, for stags began to "call" a few days afterwards. I killed a few does at this time. This is good policy; as the stags have not yet come down, and the fewer does they find the more they bellow. The does, also, often spoil your stalk, as the stag is comparatively foolish during the rutting season.

On the 21st I hit a burra singh. and took up the track, but, wanting light, I returned to camp, and searched again next day, and found it dead. A bear had killed it and eaten a great piece of the stomach, spoiling the skin. He had begun to bury it, as the ground was scratched up all round. I remained close to the place to shoot Bruin when he came again. The bear came about two in the afternoon. Just as he was getting close to me, I heard a loud whistle; at the sound of which, the bear ran off. It was my coolie who whistled, having been sent after me with an important letter. It would have been annoying to have lost a stag by this, but as for a bear, one would not even think of the disappointment. I dare say, any average shot knowing the ground, could kill about eighty bears in six months up here; but if he killed five thousand, he would have had less sport than in stalking and bagging five markhoor or ibex.

Next day I had a pretty good proof that vultures often find dead game by smelling it. I had shot a buck ibex, the only one of the flock. At the report of the rifle, all the others rushed towards me. I hit a doe right in the throat a few yards off, and then sent Sultan and my coolie round after the buck, to see if it was killed. Meanwhile, I walked to

look over the ridge where the buck was standing when I shot at it. Being anxious to secure the horns, I never thought about making sure of the doe, concluding that it was lying dead close to where I had shot at it. Sultan found the buck quite dead, just in time to hal lal it; and we then returned to cut the throat of the doe. We could not find it; so I sent Sultan back to skin the buck, while I searched again. At length I found a spot of blood on a stone, and called to Sultan to come and help to track. He replied that the blood was that of the buck which had fallen by this place when hit; so I gave up the search, though I was quite certain I hit the doe right in the centre of the throat. We skinned the buck, and the vultures soon came to fight for the offal. They remained circling about the place for the remainder of that day. Next morning we marched back the same way as we came, and I showed Sultan the stone on which I had noticed the blood yesterday. He at once said that he made a mistake in saying that it was the blood of the buck: the buck had crossed close by, lower down; in fact, the tracks almost crossed. We searched again, and found the doe lying dead. The bullet had struck her in the very centre of the throat. She was lying about ninety yards from

the place where we had skinned the buck. We skinned it, and pushed the body into the bush; and when the sun got hot, the vultures came in scores.

On the 29th I killed a fine stag: it had a piece of horn growing out of its forehead about three inches long, just over its eye. On October 6th I was returning to my camp through a pine-forest, amid a violent storm of hail and thunder. Sultan was about twenty yards ahead of me, my other man some distance in the rear. Suddenly I heard some animal coming towards me, and turning, I saw two brown bears close upon me. I rushed to Sultan for my rifle. Hearing me he turned, and seeing the bears began to present my rifle at them; but in his excitement forgetting to take the cloth off the nipples and to cock the rifle. I took it from him by force, the bears dancing close to us, evidently half afraid to attack us. Just by the time I had cocked my rifle my other man came, and, seeing our danger, he gave a loud holloa! and off went the bears at the sound. I could hardly see because of the hail, but fired a shot after them, to try and pay them out for the fright they had given us. I did not hit, so we walked on. Presently, back came the big bear again, fiercer than before; but this time I was ready, and I killed it. On skinning, we found a large round belted ball

in the skin : this accounted for its ferocity, having been shot at and wounded before. On the 14th I heard a stag calling, and got close ; but seeing that it was not a very large one, I waited, being pretty well up to their dodges by this time. I soon heard another calling, about eighty yards away. I followed, but the does kept leading him off. In the evening I got near them again, and saw the little fellow first. It was getting dark, so I had no time to spare. I ran right before him, and got between him and the rest, and then killed the other stag, a fine twelve-point fellow, in the midst of his harem. I mention this, because it is good policy to spare a doe or young buck, for the chance of killing the old stags. The smaller stags succeed in getting interviews with the does only when their powerful rivals are not present ; so they generally keep sneaking about, some hundred yards or so away from the others. This day I also killed a brown bear. I had shot it through the head ; but just after, I heard this stag-call close by, so I did not like to fire again. The bear seemed dead ; and after poking it with my pole, I turned it over to see what sex it was. I then walked on a few yards, when of a sudden the bear rose up, leaning on its fore-paws. Not wishing to fire, I and my man kept dashing a great piece of rock on to its

head, and then left it. We then left it for dead, and had gone a little way, when the bear rose up again. We returned and battered its head once more, and then went on again to stalk the stag. The bear got up again; but having no time to spare, I left my men to kill it, and as I turned the hill I could see them still dashing the rock on the bear's head. They left it for dead at last; but when they came to skin it next morning, they found the bear had moved a good yard from where they had left it. The stones were as heavy as we could lift and dash down; so the reader can have an idea of what killing a bear takes sometimes. I thought it would not die quicker if shot again, as every blow of the stone seemed to shake the skull to pieces. The snow now fell heavily, so I came down to Lah.

On October 18th I killed a brown bear close to a village in Lah. It had been seen about here a long time. An officer having wounded it early in the season, it was quite lame, so preferred living near the villages to climbing. It was the largest she-bear I ever killed—five feet five inches. The same skin measured six feet eight inches when pegged down; and when dressed, five feet three inches. A pretty good proof that you ought to measure before skinning game.

During the last fortnight I had received bad news from my regiment, the cholera having broken out at Meean Meer. We lost thirty-two per cent. women and children. One company lost forty-nine out of ninety-six men. During this trying time, men as well as officers behaved like true Christian soldiers. Men were sometimes attacked with the disease while in the very act of rubbing their dying comrades. Indeed, some instances of devotion, on the part of some of the soldiers, were quite romantic. A statement appeared in the papers at the time, to the effect that both officers and men at Meean Meer were so thoroughly disheartened, and in such a state of mental prostration, that, instead of helping each other, by mutual courage and sympathy, to baffle the disease, they yielded too much to despondency, and thereby assisted the virulence of the cholera raging amongst them. Whoever wrote this was guilty of as foul a calumny as ever appeared in a public print. I know nothing personally of the other troops; but I know that in my own regiment the men, and every one else in the corps, won as much glory by their noble conduct, during this sad time, as they would have gained as the victors in the most bloody campaign. I was in Meean Meer shortly after, and, from what I heard, all the troops there

behaved alike. Although it is gratifying to think of noble conduct displayed under trying affliction, we still lose some of our pleasure in reflecting that many of these good soldiers' lives were needlessly sacrificed. No doubt, cholera is sent by God for his own good purposes, and if He chooses that a certain man should catch it and die, we cannot prevent it. But there can be no doubt that it is our duty to try and prevent epidemics breaking out amongst us by every means in our power; and that, when the plague has appeared, we should try as far as possible to restrict and mitigate its effects. Long before the cholera broke out in Meean Meer, the warnings had been numerous; it had broken out in other parts of the Punjaub, and I recollect reading a letter in a paper, saying that its progress seemed to tend in the direction of Meean Meer. It is not too much to say that, if arrangements had been made to enable the troops to march at a moment's notice, the mortality would have been less by one-half. The men were not moved out till the cholera had been raging among them for a fortnight; in fact, they were marched out so late, that many of the doctors said that they had better remain where they were. One of the first cases that appeared was in a company of the 51st, on detachment. Instead of marching this



company away from the place in another direction, they were brought into barracks in the midst of the other troops. Soon after this, the cholera raged throughout the whole regiment. Of course, as in the case of the Crimean blunder, there was a committee of inquiry held, composed of members who were hundreds of miles from the place where the events occurred. I verily believe that, if two regiments were encamped at the foot of a mountain, and a mighty avalanche was to begin rolling down, that the bugles would sound for the sergeants to take up the distances for their companies, and the arrangements, previous to marching off, would be strictly according to form, until the mass of snow thundered into the midst and annihilated the camp and every man in it. True economy is not known to the authorities. For instance, the 98th were kept far too long in the valley of Peshawur, where they had served before. The consequence was that 762 men passed through hospital in one month, and this in a frontier station! I wonder why the 98th, 51st, 18th, and 94th, are not ordered home. The latter was seventeen years in Madras, then had a year or less at home, then nine months at Gibraltar, then a year at home again, then India once more. All these regiments have suffered severely from sickness. If

we give troops more than their fair share of foreign service, we ought to let them count one year's service extra as a boon.

On the 19th of October, I left my shikaree at his house for two days, telling him not to let any of his friends go shooting on the hill near his house. I marched off, and the very next day he sent his brother and a villager to kill squirrels, the skins of which are sold at Serinuggur. The men started, and next day fired at a black bear; they followed him in the wood, and the bear pounced on to one of them, and knelt on him, gnawing his face. The unfortunate man put up his arms to save his face, but the bear crunched his wrists in his powerful jaws. The other man now came up and shouted, and the bear retired. I saw the poor man next day, but his appearance was so altered I could never have recognized him. The upper part of his face seemed to be gone. I did what I could for him; but the people here are so stupid and ignorant on these occasions, that one cannot do much good. You cannot get them to clean anything, much less a wound. The man wanted quiet and good nursing, and, instead of trying to alleviate his sufferings, all the women of his house remained by his bed, crying at the top of their voices for several days. When

these people here are afflicted in any way, they literally force themselves to cry. It is not a genuine grief, but a theatrical attempt; for they keep on singing all the time about their woes, in the intervals of sobbing; and, instead of seeking seclusion, they lament in the most public places they can find.

I killed a few more head of game, and then returned to Serinuggur, to purchase some shawls for a friend at home. The Cashmere shawls are not so good as they used to be, either in quality of material or in the manufacture. The merchants charge a great deal too much for inferior articles, but we spoil the market wherever we go. During the few days I remained in Serinuggur my bungalow was thronged with shikarees; they soon relieved me of my spare ammunition. Many of them asked me for chits: I gave them to some, to say I knew nothing about them; and to others, to say that I had heard of them. What good my chits could be to them I know not; but, as they asked and bothered, I gave. After arranging everything, I started for the plains again, *via* Bhimber. Sultan and Kurreem accompanied me the first march, and then wished me good-by. I was sorry to part with them, as you cannot help getting attached to men who have been your constant companions on mighty hills amid eternal

snow. (Very little of the latter article this year, though.) I dare say there may be better shikarees than these two men, but I was satisfied. I killed game enough to my heart's content. I felt sad turning my back on the scenes of my adventures, and would gladly have remained another two years about the Himalayas. But, though I could follow the chase for ever on those glorious hills, I suppose by the time that my beard gets gray, I should be sorry to look back and think that I had spent a lifetime in killing wild goats.

## CHAPTER VI.

Cashmere—Description of the Country—Sport and Sportsmen.

CASHMERE is supposed to contain pretty women and lovely scenery. Perhaps, if the country had been always called Rubbaboola, or by some other such Indian title, it would never have enjoyed its reputation for excellence or superiority in these particulars. Cashmere is without doubt a very pretty name. Occasionally, you may see a lovely scene, or a pretty face, but they are few and far between. The mountain scenery, according to all accounts, is not so good as that to be seen in the Alps; and as to the lovely women, they are always in-doors hiding their faces. The Punditancee women, who are supposed to be the belles of Cashmere, have very white complexions, but not a nice, pleasing white. They always look as if they had just been ill. The Cashmere women, who are followers of Mahomet, are very plain. They do all the hard work—pounding rice, &c. They are very dirty, and evidently do not

lead very happy lives. The Pundits are not the aborigines of Cashmere; but I cannot fix the date when they first came into the country. They all wear a dab of red paint on the bridge of the nose and on their ears, and wind their puggarees differently from the Mussulmen.

The Pundits have all the authority in Cashmere, and consequently are not very much beloved by the rest of the inhabitants, who are always telling English sportsmen how happy the country would be if the Sahibs would take and govern it. To a certain degree, the people are ill-treated here; but the Rajah is not as much to blame as are his subordinates, the Pundit Kardars. He seems to care for little except his army and treasury; and he may be, to a certain extent, ignorant of the way his poorer subjects are treated. Everything is thrown in the way of their advancement in civilization. Everything is done to prevent the wretched people improving themselves in any way.

We incurred a heavy responsibility when we threw away Cashmere. We should spoil the shooting, I dare say, if we took it again; but seriously, we ought to insist on the country being better governed. This can be easily done; and the reform would not alone tend to the advantage of the people there, but to our

own benefit. At a place called Gurys I heard that the Kardar had been looting the people for some time. I persuaded a man to report him. He was afraid at first, but did so eventually; and several thousand rupees were proved to have been pocketed by this native commissioner. The man was a Mussulman. No matter what is his creed or caste, a native abuses his power whenever he gets into authority.

Any one travelling in Cashmere remarks how badly all the inhabitants are dressed—the reason being this: if a zemindar cleans himself and wears a white puggaree, he is instantly accused by his Kardar of being rich, and is double taxed accordingly. So it is the policy of all not to look respectable,—to be shabby is the fashion of the place. The people are entirely at the mercy of these men. If they complain, it is with difficulty they get a hearing; and if their complaint is against a Pundit, they might as well complain of the Rajah himself. The reason that Europeans are not allowed to remain here in the winter is because it is the season of oppression. The people might be very happy here if better governed, and enabled to use their industry to some purpose. The Governor-General might effect the commencement of the change in five

minutes, if he chose, without raising any unnecessary noise from any quarter.

Marriage in Cashmere is a farce. It is seldom a case of love between the parties. The bridegroom offers so many maunds of rice for his wife. If her father thinks it a good bargain, she is married *nolens volens*. It is thought very wrong here if the wife is unfaithful, but nothing particular if the husband is the offending party. They seem to care little for their children, hardly clothing them at all.

The Mussulmen of Cashmere are not orthodox; at least, they have a curious idea of their own creed. Many of them believe that Adam was the first man, and Mahomet his fifth son. Every man has two angels constantly watching him, one writing down all his good works in his note-book, the other all his bad actions. When the man dies, he is brought to Mahomet, who compares the account and sends him to heaven or hell accordingly. They are very superstitious. I once asked a man what he thought of a rainbow. He said it was a spirit drinking water. A shikaree said he was going once to "hal lal" a deer, when suddenly a snake attacked and bit him seven times on his leg. He repeated a charm, and then walked on and cut the throat of the stag. Every one has a charm or prayer on paper,



enclosed in metal, and fastened to his coat or turban, for good luck. A missionary would have hard work here, such absurd notions being more difficult to grapple with than utter ignorance. Serinuggur, the capital, is simply a dirty town on a river. As you row up the river from Baramoola, you see all the women and men washing, drinking, and spitting together. The women in red are the Punditanees. As you proceed under the bridges, you see a gilt hovel on each bank with an idol inside. After passing the city you come to the bungalows erected for Europeans. If late in the season, they will be all full. So you pitch your tent, and send for Baboo Mohes Chunder, a very civil, jolly fellow. He talks English, and says, "Very good, sare," every time he opens his mouth, talking very fast. After writing down your name on a long piece of brown paper, the Baboo goes away and sends you a "dollee" from the Maharajah, consisting of a sheep (sure to be a thin one) and some earthen plates of raisins, honey, tea, &c. &c. In the morning, every one bathes, then breakfasts, after which you will be visited by the Cashmere traders, with knives, gun covers, papier maché, &c. for sale. Also, a baker, for orders for loaves of bread, all of which will be sour. Then you row down the river to the shawl merchants, Mokter

Shah, Syfoola Baba, Ahmud Khan, or Zummud Shah. These men have always a stock of things to choose from; but if you want a shawl, it is far better to order from the tradeworkers themselves. After this, there is nothing to do or to see, unless there happens to be a review on the parade ground, or unless you like to have a close inspection of the body of a man who has been hung some time before your arrival. They cover the body with hot oil to prevent it decaying too quick, and leave the culprit hanging up to terrify others. A review here is rather amusing, especially when the troops march past in slow time—a ridiculous farce anywhere, but especially so in Serinuggur.

Seven officers, a lady, and a child, lie buried in the “Sheik bagh.” One officer was killed by an avalanche when ibex shooting; another was shot dead by accident in Serinuggur. In the evening, every one bathes again; then you row about the river till dark, and back again to dine. After dinner, there is nothing to do but go to bed, unless some one is silly enough to waste their money in giving a nautch, where you see a lot of ugly women screeching out, “Tarser pot tazer, nobody knew.”

The boats of Cashmere are like punts, and propelled by men with paddles. The boatmen, who

wield these implements in Serinuggur, are a peculiar class, and all of them very attentive to Sahibs, from whom they profit considerably during the hot season here. They are very familiar in their manner, and never satisfied with what you give them, unless it is a great deal too much, and then they simply ask for more. There is a very good iron-worker in Cashmere, Sakie, a great rascal, but a good workman. He charges sixteen rupees for stocking a gun; five rupees would be enough. Serinuggur is a stupid place to stop at; I never came near it if I could possibly avoid doing so, and always quitted it as quickly as I could. In May and September the climate here is perfection. The chief food of the people is rice, mukkee, or Tromba flour. Like all the natives of India, they love ghee. Small-pox kills a good many. Ducks and geese abound on the Wullur lake in the winter. Snakes, especially common adders, are to be found; also, a larger kind, with a large flat head, said by the natives to be very deadly in the effects of its bite. Vultures and kites are common enough; and a sort of marmot, called "drin," which bobs into a hole if you don't kill it dead.

I do not suppose that this chapter will procure me a gold medal from Sir Roderick Murchison, or from

any one else; but as I was thinking of nothing but shooting all the time I was here, I naturally did not pay much attention to anything else: and doubtless rare and valuable caterpillars, with Latin names, seven syllables long, often passed me unheeded.

This list of words is correct enough to be useful; but it is impossible to spell the words so as to enable any one to pronounce them right.

—	CASHMERER.	LADAKER.
Hot	toat	tonmore.
Cold	surrud	tarmoo.
Fresh	noo	summar.
Stale	prawn	nimpar.
Clean	chul	karpor.
Dirty	mul choos	marpo.
Stinking	fuck	kerchoks.
Strong	palwarn	jockpoo.
Weak	lootz	gutpoo.
Thin	zah vil	gutpoor.
Thick	mote	tamoo.
Big	boode	rimoo.
Little	chuet	chune.
Dead	moode	tsheson.
Wounded	chook lugoos	krab chukso.
Not (Hal lal)	mukree gaow	
Missed	ek kit kin gyous	
Good	zubbur	jak poor yet.
Bad	yutch	juck poor, gel.
Foolish	nadan	juck poor met.
Few	kum	sar mind hook.
Many	zuttur	leppik.
Early	subhan	marpo.
Always	dohee	harmo.
True	poos	juktan.
False	apoos	tarmose.
		lookpgr.

—	CASHMERE.	LADAKEE.
Empty	tzoore	mindook.
Soft	nurhmee	jack poor mitchor.
Hard	sukt	ohdarkchus.
Heavy	goob	chintee.
Inside	undha	nungnee.
Outside	nebbur	pistancee.
Straight	sidhe	lumzoon.
Crooked	hool	yurwuspar.
Unwell	bimarch	toolmoo.
Lazy	gootch	gutpoor.
Cheap	soog	tut tut.
Dear	droog	tobe mutub.
Light	loote	yamoo.
How far	koota dooree che	toot som.
Near	nukkirche	yamoo.
High	toad-ch	reemo kutote.
Low	soon-ch	yerganee.
Right	deutchun	yorwuspar.
Left	kohoore	owuspar.
Before	bron	tson.
Behind	putt	tingnee.
Quick	jeul	guespar.
Slow	loote	koolee koolee.
Here	yet it	yahndook.
Where	karditch	kinee yut.
When	khur	kurrosere.
Now	whoen	duksun.
To-morrow	poggar	armoo.
Both	tzer	niss.
Remainder	odeltchee	lomchok.
None	kee a ner	mindook.
Like	ita kunner	isoochooks.
Why	kobarput	tehisson.
Whose	kusska	sooyeene.
Your fault	goonar kut he	kouichook.
Your respon- sibility	tcharnee zim utch	yeree zimyote.
Noise	krake	lerrr.
Horse	goore	tah.
Bear	harput	drinmore.
Stag	hungul	

	CASHMERE.	LADAKEE
Doe	menomurg	
Male	ner	mee.
Female	mardeen	annee.
Tahir	jugler	
Duck	budduk	chiwerra.
Goose	brug	
Woodcock	lumchuncher	
Flea	pisshoo	shisuk.
Musk deer	ronse custoore	ribjoe.
Vulture	greel	
Snake	goonus	yessook.
Rat	gugur	hebjun.
Dog	hoon	kee.
Ibex	keel	skeen.
Wild dog	rama elqon	sidha kee.
Earth	zemeen	zur.
Air	wahow	granse.
Fire	tengool	mee.
Water	arb trayshe	choo.
Wood	zin	tshing.
Stone	koin	ohdwar.
Knife	shrark	tee.
Candle	shommar	kimser.
Footmarks	coore	luckpar.
Rope	ruzz	tackpar.
Snow	sheen	kar.
Eggs	tule	tule.
Rice, &c.	toomul	bruss.
Bone	urreetch	roospar.
Go	gutz	long.
Come	wullo	yon.
Change	buddul ker	nabkoor.
Fasten	gund	chingse.
Don't	mur	mendook.
Don't fear	kootsmur	jon fiker met.
Catch hold	rutt	koore kere.
Lift	tool	kere.
Take away	nee	dule.
Bring	en	kuon.
Run	tricknee	tsong.
Throw	travitsun	pinkge.

—	CASHMERE.	LADAKEE.
Take care	hosh ker	hoshiar bess.
Shoot	liay bunduk	toptung feug.
Get ready	taiyar ker	lahore chos.
Dry	whook	tshuntee.
Eat	kay	suss.
Be quiet	choop ker	zoong.
Don't move	hur kut mer ker	awusuwus muson.
Tell, &c.	depauche	lerre.
Creep, stoop	nemit gutz	neelok desson.
Give	dee	kuon.
Cut	tsot	chukse.
Shout	krake ker	yonlerra.
Open	woosser	pinkge.
Search	talash ker	toabnar kuon.
Break	fooder	chuckse.
Mend	thsairun	taiyurchos.
Look	ootshe	tosse.
Count	ginzer	chik lerre.
Be patient	ruze	doog.
Don't forget	inner musher	hoshiar bess.
Found	lubume	loom tob dook.
Listen	booset	shaysar mis hus.
Understand	kubberchee	shes dook.
Hide	kuttit tou	kerre.
Ask	prutzus	kiran lerre.
Make	ker	choss.
Pull	lummus	loom.
Let go	trou	bood.
Stop	rose	sarh.
Go gently	lootgutz	koli koli.
Put	touw	buore.

It by no means follows that every one who shoots is a sportsman; all depends on the manner in which the individual hunts, as to whether he can be called a sportsman or not. Some men who shoot seem to think only of trying to make a large bag—that is, to kill as many animals as possible. When a man comes back from a shooting excursion, he should be asked, “What sport?”—not, “What is your bag?” or, “How many did you kill?” A man who tries to make a big bag is never a good sportsman, and generally uses silver bullets and other dodges. A doe with a young one inside counts for two; wounded game are counted “bagged.” A spare rifle is given to the shikaree to swell the number of slain; and if not enough is killed, a few heads and skins will be bought, just to make a good show, on the sportsman’s return. There is a good deal of luck as well as skill required for a short trip on the hills. The best shot in existence may go up a hill and see nothing, while a mere novice may come just after him and fire away successfully all day. If one has had bad luck or shot badly, it is no matter for shame; and if one has made a good bag, it is not a thing to boast of to your friends. I think it a great pity that papers and magazines publish accounts of the quantity of game killed. No one is



interested in the matter, unless the game has been killed on some new ground. How irritating it is to read that 2,000 partridges, 3,000 pheasants, 100 hares, 10,000 rabbits, fourteen woodcocks, and nine water-rails, and a tom-tit, were killed by a party of swells staying at —, &c.; or that some one killed a couple of stags, right and left, at 200 yards, in the forest of “Snockclock-a-kilt.” The successful shot was perhaps only good luck; why put it in the newspapers? I can understand a man publishing his bag made in a strange country, in order to give others an idea of what shooting is to be got there; but at home it is simply silly. Why tell the public what one has shot, unless there was something curious about any of the game killed? Even as regards wild sports in strange countries, there may be too much writing and printing. Of late years we have made a mistake in encouraging too much publicity of adventures and of all bold actions. Latterly, the press has so increased in numbers, and in amplitude of information about individuals, that we often cannot distinguish between sterling merit and that which has obtained publicity. I honour brave deeds as much as any man, but I cannot but think that of late years they have got to be thought less of, although we honour and reward more liberally than we did some

years ago. We make more of a skirmish now-a-days than we used to do of a victory, and honours are getting too cheaply earned of late. We drown the merit of the man in the honour we shower on him. It would seem as if we were beginning to think that we had no great soldiers now; so that we honour and decorate them, to make others imagine that we have a large supply. We almost seem to advertise for bravery now, and it is the general impression that medals, and even the Victoria Crosses, are getting too common. Reward a man when he leaves the service, or else reward him with a few bank-notes, if he will take them. But it is not good to offer a decoration for bravery. A medal or cross for bravery only makes the wearer ashamed of himself, when he sees himself surrounded by undecorated comrades as brave as himself. A man who would do a gallant deed to win a decoration must simply be a conceited fellow. We are beginning to imitate foreigners. The Victoria Cross is just the thing for romantic Frenchmen; and, except for the honour of receiving them from the hands of our beloved Queen, I do not think that the owners value them much. We ought to be more careful how we reward an individual while he is still in the service. It is notorious that many a young officer has been

shoved on to a high rank for one plucky deed ; while men who served before he was born, and fought in several wars, do not get promoted when getting gray, simply because they were not rewarded for five minutes' pluck, but had to serve the best part of their lives to earn their promotion. But I am digressing. I had no idea, before I came to India, that so many sportsmen were afraid of confessing that they had bad sport, on their return.

It is to be regretted that, like all other crafts and calling, "sportsmen" must count amongst them many impostors. An officer went to the Wurdwun in 1860, taking three shikarees with him, and when he arrived there, gave his rifles to the shikarees to kill ibex for him. Of course, he astonished us by his bag on his return. However, you cannot keep these things dark, even if you make your men swear not to tell. If you buy one or two heads, all very well ; but if you return to the plains with an extraordinary bag, inquiries will soon be made as to where you went, and who were your shikarees. Shooting in this manner is very unfair, especially in Cashmere, because you spoil the sport of others and have none yourself. I know, I dare say, as much ibex ground in Cashmere as any one. Well, last year I hunted for them from June 22nd

to August 3rd, without even seeing a large buck. I killed three little fellows certainly during this time, but did not feel ashamed of myself; and next month I killed five—three of them fine fellows. These pot-hunting sportsmen damage our prestige amongst the natives. I really believe that the excellence of our officers as sportsmen is the second great prop of our ascendancy in India. I suppose that finer sportsmen will not be found anywhere than among the Europeans in India; and it is a great pity that a few impostors should creep in amongst them. Fancy a stalwart Briton seeing game and sending his servant to “pot” it! If one man hunts like this, the natives may naturally conclude that all do the same.

So much do I think of the importance of keeping up our great character as proficient in all athletic sports, that I would humbly suggest that no duty should be imposed on any article coming to India, if it is a necessary adjunct to any sporting pursuit. I paid 12*l.* Customs' duty for my rifles alone. If our officers had not always been such good sportsmen we should have had greater difficulty in holding India. An officer in search of sport learns the language, gets a knowledge of the country and the people; all this is to our good. Besides the “pot-hunting”

class there is the jealous class of hunters, who like to keep the best places for hunting unrevealed. A friend of mine here once got into quite a pet, because some of us had found out a snipe jheel near the station, which he thought no one knew of but himself. When I returned from Cashmere, and it became known that I was going to write a book, a friend wrote to me saying, "For goodness sake, don't spoil the shooting there! but try and send every one in the wrong direction." I certainly would not tell a man where to go, if I knew he was going to boast and write about his sport in the papers. But it is the duty of one sportsman, who can help his friends to sport, to do so to the best of his ability. Besides, simply giving the names of hills is not enough, unless you can get some one who knows every inch of the ground to show you over it. If I thought that my book would have the effect of sending out a number of would-be Nimrods to hunt in Cashmere, I certainly would never publish it. I look on Cashmere as the preserve of the Europeans in Bengal. Generally speaking, you find every one you meet in India most willing to give a stranger every information about sport and where to get it. Many, who are really good sportsmen at heart, seem not to have studied the science of hunting game. For instance, you

meet Sahibs on the hills, dressed as if they were walking on the malls of their stations. I attribute great advantage to being properly dressed when stalking. If you walk before an animal and he sees you, he will look at you and bolt, no matter how you are dressed; but when stalking in sight, an animal's gaze may be attracted by something of an unusual colour catching his eye. If you are the same colour as the rocks, and move slow, you stand less chance of being seen. Again, on ground where there is little or nothing to hide you, should you displace a stone or fall, drop instantly and remain still. The animal then stares about, and not seeing any unusual object, he continues to feed. If he sees a wide-awake hat and coloured clothes, in all probability he will bolt. My dress was always the same colour as the rocks. I have had game stare at me a few yards off without their being alarmed; but of course you must not move a muscle. On one occasion, I had shot an ibex, and all the others had run straight off except one, a young buck, which stood about 150 yards below me. I fired my other barrel, hitting the ground at its feet. The ibex stared about, and looked straight below, but still standing still as before. My shikaree now handed me my spare rifle from behind the rock, where he was lying. The

ibex instantly turned his head in our direction, gave a short look, and then galloped straight away. He had only seen the rifle, but neither of us. Game, when fired at, are often much puzzled to know where the noise came from; and sometimes do not like bolting straight off until they can make out whence the noise proceeded, for fear that they should run into the danger by bolting off at once. Everywhere in Cashmere, you find pieces of rock even in the midst of plains. So that if your dress is of the same colour, the animal seeing no difference, does not take alarm, unless he has seen you moving. In ibex hunting especially, you require great attention to dress, as they are very sharp-sighted. Moreover, from the broken nature of the ground they inhabit, their power of smelling you is greatly impaired. Many a man, who is a good sportsman, spoils his shooting by being too luxurious: too many coolies make too much noise near your tent. In some places supplies are difficult to get; you should, therefore, travel with as few men as possible. Do not allow your men to sit round the fire at night, but send every one to bed the instant you go yourself. They can't read, so talk more instead; and the fire keeps the game at a distance on open country. Some lose half their sport by being too good-natured; consequently, the

shikarees do just what they like, and their good-nature makes them believe everything they are told. Ill-tempered men also suffer, though, perhaps, in a less degree. Some officers like to be thought a "Burra Sahib," so get several shikarees and sepoy to accompany them on the hills. This class of hunters seldom kill anything. Having orderlies cantering behind one in a station is bad enough, but on the hills all this sort of nonsense ought to be dropped. As the natives say, "We always find the little Sahibs the most knowing, and we do not humbug them half so much." A hunter ought first to make his arrangements according to the rules of common sense, then let him work and he will enjoy himself whether he kills a great deal of game or not. It is a pity to see men really fond of shooting, getting no sport, because they expect to kill game like sheep.

The reader must not think, after all I have written, that I pretend to be a great Nimrod, capable of teaching any young idea how to shoot. I don't pretend to anything, except to have intensely loved the chase. My hunter's life was short; so I offer not the experience, nor speak with the authority, of a veteran. On the contrary, I dare say many a reader in India will ask, "What business has this fellow



to write about the shooting here, when he was only four years away from his own fireside?" If any one wants to know what I killed, or how I shot, they are welcome to find out, though accurate information will be scarce—at least, one shikaree told me Brinckman Sahib had killed a thousand head; another, that his shikarees must have made half his bag; and another said he had never heard of him. I am writing to uphold real sport, and in opposition to the battue system, which is only pot-hunting.

## CHAPTER VII.

## HINTS TO SPORTSMEN IN CASHMERE.

Remarks on Sporting Fire-arms—Coolies—Supplies—Tents—  
 What to Drink, &c.—Dress—Medicines—Grass Shoes—Hunting-pole—Markhoor Shooting—Tricks of Kardars—Ibex Shooting—Lazy Plans to kill them—Burra Singh Shooting—Shikarees—Ovis Ammon Shooting—Spectacles—Telescopes—Shikarees and Servants—Stalking Game—Walking on Mountains—Shooting and Stalking—Shikarees.

THE routes to Cashmere are so well known in Bengal and the Punjaub, that it would only be a waste of paper to describe them here. Papers with printed directions, names of the marches, and the distances between each, can now be had on application by officers going on leave. You will, of course, travel with as little baggage and as few attendants as possible—twelve coolies ought to be sufficient. When on the hills, four coolies, at most, should be required; but you can have your depôt of luxuries at the nearest village. "Roughing it" is not absolutely necessary; in fact, the better you are fed, the better you will work. In Cashmere, you

should engage your coolies by the month. Five rupees a month, and a seer of rice daily, is about fair wages. These men ought to be known to your shikaree, or have character chits. I employed about thirty at various times by the month; ten of that number were eighteen months in my service. They soon get to know your habits, and, if you treat them well, will be found willing, hard-working fellows. If you go to Ladak, you should take no Cashmeries beyond Leh; they hate the country, and always get ill. In Ladak, your men should not be heavily loaded—the air in some parts being very trying. In Serinuggur, you should purchase “kiltas” for carrying your luggage. They are wicker baskets covered with leather. When you are purchasing, choose those that are stiff and do not yield much when squeezed. Twelve annas is the price of a very large one. Here you can also get leather covers for your guns for ten annas each; but you should have a flannel bag to slip over the barrels when you put them in the covers. Also, leather-belts, with pouches for ammunition for your shikaree. I always carried my own pouch. (I gave one to my man in Ladak one day; the pouches came unsewn, and I lost a new powder-flask.) The best pouches are double-stitched. Sugar, tea, or coffee, and Worcestershire sauce, are

the only provisions you need bring with you from the plains; the coffee is not stolen quite as much as tea. In Ladak, tea is cheap; and if you can drink it as the natives do there, you need not bring sugar with you. They mix butter and salt in it, but it does not taste at all bad; in fact, I rather liked it. Soups, tins of bacon, &c., are all very well, if you like luxury and have cash; but your native cook can make soup good enough for any sportsman. Next to your rifles and ammunition, Worcestershire sauce is the most useful thing you can carry. It is the best of all sauces; and when you are reduced to a piece of tough markhoor and such-like meat, you will find it wonderfully useful. Moreover, no native can cook without using lots of grease, so it is absolutely necessary to make their dishes palatable or digestible. "Lea and Perrins'" is the best; in fact, the only good sauce bearing that name I ever tasted.

As to tents, two little three-pole tents will suit best, the poles of bamboo. They should be as small as possible, with an extra piece of canvas over the part underneath which you sleep. This piece should be sewn on to the outside of the tent. Each tent, poles and all, should be a light load for one man. One of the tents should open on both sides; the other only on one. You can sit in the former on

a hot day, and sleep in the latter when cold or raining. The pegs, as I said before, should be of iron. Double tents are far too heavy for the hills : I found the tents described above, good for all weathers.

If you bring wine or brandy from the plains, it should be carried by coolies to avoid breakage. Except on occasions when I met a friend, I never touched wine, beer, or spirits, during the whole time I was hunting. I always had a bottle of brandy by me, in case of any one getting ill ; but, for my own part, I think no sportsman ought ever to touch either : neither should he smoke.

For dress, I cut up my kharkee tunics, and made four pockets in front, after having altered the colour to my satisfaction. Kharkee does not catch in brambles so much as other stuffs. For the legs, some prefer the warm drawers, such as the Cashmeries wear, with puttoos round the calves of the leg. The puttoo is a long piece of cloth about five inches broad, which is wound round from the ankle to the knee. I do not recommend this plan. The pyjamas catch so much in brambles, and the puttoos, if worn tight, cramp the muscles when climbing hills. If freezing, and you have to walk through water, they may freeze on your leg, and you may be laid

up for a month ; when with trousers, you can pull them up, dry your leg, and go on without stopping. Trousers are much better things to wear ; you are just as active in them, and they are more convenient. Those made of kharkee are very suitable, except in wet weather, when they soon get wet and uncomfortable ; so I should recommend some light cloth of Cashmere material. For colour of dress, a stony grey slate is the best idea I can give of the right tint, and every article of your clothing, from head to foot, should be of the same colour. For cap, a thin kharkee cover, fitting close to your head, with a peak of same stuff. If hot, wind a puggarree round the cap, the same colour as the rest of your dress. A small Cashmere looe (blanket) is most useful ; it should be about four feet six inches broad and seven feet in length. It will keep off a good shower, and warm you when waiting for game. You can carry home a load of meat in it ; you can lie on it amongst the grass and damp rocks ; you can use it as a rope occasionally on bad ground ; and, walking, you can wear it round your loins.

On your feet you must wear grass shoes ; some say that there is nothing like a good English boot, and that they never felt any inconvenience from them ; simply because a shikaree will not take you

on dangerous ground, if you wear them. With grass shoes on your feet, you can go with ease over places where it would be impossible, or certain death, to move in boots. Many admit the superiority of the grass shoes, but complain of the grass cutting them between the toes. A great deal depends on how they are made, and how to put them on. Have them made the same width at the heel as at the toe-end. Insist on this. The makers also persist in making the toe rope at the edge of the shoe; it should be a good half-inch at least from the edge. Dip the shoes in water before putting them on, and let one of your coolies wear them for an hour the evening before; then they will be ready to slip on quickly. Take a pair of thick warm socks, and cut off enough at the ends to let your toes come through when the socks are drawn on. Hem the edges neatly, then sew a piece of thick soft cloth all along the sole and for three inches above the heel of the sock, and upon this sew a thin piece of soft leather; then take another piece of thick soft cloth, half as long again as your foot; double it back neatly over your toes, and put on the shoe. Nothing can be more comfortable than a grass shoe thus put on. For shirts, flannel and nothing else. The sportsman will also require one warm shirt of Cash-

mere cloth, to fasten with one button at the neck, to wear over all. You will find the benefit of this when you have to get up two hours before daylight. For medicines, a little plaister, an ounce of quinine, and a little laudanum, with a few chalk and opium powders. If you are fond of dosing yourself, take a few pills or castor oil with you. I have not touched either since I was at school, I believe. Quinine is the medicine a native here thinks the most of; if he has sprained his ankle, he would sooner have quinine than anything else. You should bring some oil with you, the best and clearest that you can get; the native oils will do for the barrels of your rifle, but the locks should only be touched with the very finest oil. Do not oil them unless absolutely necessary, as sometimes the oil freezes and clogs the works. If any one gives you a sporting knife (with all the dodges that split your nails trying to open them), you must accept it, of course; but I never wanted a knife. Your shikarees all carry one, which does all your skinning and rough work. A hunting pole should be brought from the plains. Get a light bamboo pole, the same length as yourself, shod with iron at each end, but not pointed. Just scrape the points as if you were cutting a pencil, leaving the ends half an inch thick,



then fasten an iron cap. If you have sharp ends to your pole, you will trust too much to it for assistance, and the sharp end may hurt you or your man amongst the rocks, some day.

As to money, 150 rupees a month ought to be enough for any sportsman. They charge so much per cent. at Serinuggur for cashing Treasury orders; it is a villanous piece of extortion.

At Serinuggur you can get "purwannahs," a sepoy, and shikaree. As regards the latter, you ought to have had some man recommended by some one whom he has served before. I could name shikarees in dozens, who come yearly to Serinuggur; but a tenth, or even a twentieth, of them are not worthy of the appellation. I have nothing more to say regarding the march to Cashmere and outfit.

As to your success in shooting, it all depends on your amount of leave and inclination to work. Few get up to Cashmere before the end of April, and at that time all the burra singh have shed their horns. Ibex, markhoor, tahir, and bears, are at that time the only game to be found. For markhoor, the Peer Punjal, from Poshanna to Bunnar, holds them, and from behind Huttee to Baramoola, near the Kurnaul country, Astor, and near Nunga

Parbut; and, I am told, in Shigur, and other parts of Iskardo. For the two last-named places you would require long leave. If you have time, I would advise that the markhoor should be left alone till the 20th of May, especially if there is much snow. To hunt the ground properly, you should wait till most of the snow is melted; you then have twice the ground to hunt over, and run less risk of being seen. You should take your dinner and bedding with you, your food being ready cooked; warm, eat it, and go to sleep under a stone in some sheltered nook, and get up at daylight, or before if you have far to go. Bears should be let off as waste of time. Unless game are very near, they do not mind the report of a gun much, as stones and falling snow are constantly making a row. Markhoor are generally found on more open ground than ibex, perhaps from not being potted at so often. I think they are a trifle more knowing than ibex. I never saw a larger flock than one of seven: this was my luck. They are often seen in thirties. Forty-one inches along the edge of the horn is a good size for a markhoor. I have seen them longer, but generally the long ones are not so thick. I hear that in the Wuzeree country they are to be found with much longer horns than those in Cashmere. The mark-

hoor is not near so good eating as the ibex. When killed, the horns should be taken off, and every particle of flesh taken out of the skull. To do this properly, you should take the skin entirely off, and not be content with turning it up to the roots of the horn. It can be easily put on again when dressed. The skins should be well rubbed, scraped, scrubbed, pulled, and cleaned; this does more towards curing them than the arsenical preparations. Not a particle of fat should be allowed to remain on a skin, or the sun will spoil it.

Whenever you hear of a good place, never tell any one where you are going, not even your servants; but mention a place a long way beyond. Many a time has a sportsman gone to a hill in Cashmere and seen no game, simply because the Kardar of the place heard he was coming, and had the game frightened off; so that the Sahib, not finding sport there, might betake himself to another district. Remember this, as it is a dodge most common, and not many fellows are aware of it. If I was asked how many markhoor one should expect to kill with only two months' leave, I should say that I would be satisfied if I bagged two good bucks each at a separate stalk. One might kill a dozen or none. I killed a good male three days in succession

in May last year, and then hunted till June 13th, and never bagged another big one. For I wasted a great many days marching to another place, and found some one else there; so I had to return again. Now with two months' leave, at least twenty days are required for going and returning: a few days' rain must be reckoned, a few days from hill to hill, and a few days of bad luck; so that, though two is a small number to read of, yet I think it is a fair bag to expect with only two months' leave, especially if you are a stranger to the ground. I would not take a Cashmere shikaree for markhoor, but get some man of the neighbourhood; and if you are a good hand at stalking, you will do very well. These village shikarees generally are in awe of their Kardars, and do not like showing you the game. But the markhoor must be somewhere, and you only want a little tact to find them out. The females of markhoor and ibex are not so knowing as the males, and generally feed much lower down. When after markhoor, take a good supply of rice and grass shoes with you, as both are not so easily got here as in the valley. The tahir is numerous in some parts near the Pur Punjal. I never went after them: it is not to be compared with markhoor-shooting. If you are a bad walker, you can kill

markhoor by waiting at places where they come to lick saltpetre.

For ibex there are plenty of places to choose from within four days' march of Serinuggur. I could name about five-and-twenty ibex hills within half that distance. They are to be found from Astor, Gurys, Kilale, Gungabul, Goond, Sooroo, Wurdwun, right round to Pongo ; and all along the road to Leh, although at most of the places beyond Drass the natives deny their existence. The country near the Wurdwun has the greatest reputation for ibex. I did not go in that direction, because my shikarees were not natives of that part of the country. Ibex require the same arrangements as markhoor—that is, you ought to sleep near the hill and get to the top of it before daylight. The ibex is considered to be very knowing, but is as easy to stalk as any other game, if hunted in a proper manner. By being up the hill before daylight, and getting above their feeding-ground, you will be able to stalk them with ease. If you go up the hill late, you stand more chance of being seen first by them, as an animal is twice as knowing lying down as when feeding ; and moreover they do not look up for danger, but generally sit on the edge of a crag that commands a good view of the hill side below them. You should

move very slowly, and your glass should be continually employed in looking among the rocks. Whenever you use your glass do so sitting or lying down, never when standing up. Do not fire at the does or young males. The old bucks are always up higher. When you have got within shot, that is, as near as you can get; and supposing that you have not before made out which is the biggest, and that you do not perceive much difference in the size of the horns, pick out the whitest, he is sure to be the biggest. This rule answers with markhoor as well; but until you have had some experience you will not readily perceive any difference. So, if in doubt, fire at the one that affords the best shot — not at the nearest. As with all game, be careful not to show yourself after firing. If you keep hid, you will most likely get another shot, besides which they never go so far away as when they have seen you. A friend of mine fired several shots into a flock of ibex without touching one; being tired he lay down; his shikaree followed, and killed one out of the same flock as they were moving slowly off. Sometimes you see ibex or markhoor among the rocks, where they cannot go away fast, and you can empty all your barrels at them. This seldom happens, as it must be a queer

place that can make an ibex or markhoor hesitate about going over full tilt. I have heard that if dogs are let loose on them, the ibex will crouch under stones and let you shoot them easily. I don't believe it myself, but only mention this for the benefit of any lazy hunter who may like to try. Another lazy plan is to wait concealed at the places where they come to lick saltpetre. No one fond of stalking would ever try the dodge, unless very hard up for an ibex for his bag. Anything over forty inches is a good ibex (but not measured both sides of the curve, as some of our friends are in the habit of doing). Weighing is the fairest way to test.

From the 15th of May till the 15th of June is the best time for hunting ibex. A man who works hard ought to get three or four good bucks in a month. If he does not get six shots at separate stalks during that time his shikaree is either a muff, not knowing the ground, or wilfully humbugging his master. Always stalk ibex when feeding, unless you can see that you will have an easy shot. When lying down, they are not asleep, but staring about, some looking in one direction, some in another; and if, as often happens, you should by chance displace a stone and make a noise, their attention will be at once attracted. When feeding, they think the noise was made by one

of their flock, and beyond a hasty glance, perhaps they take no notice.

Ibex and markhoor are often found in places where they would be easy to stalk, but on such ground that if hit the animal would fall over the rocks some hundred feet, spoiling head and skin. The first markhoor I killed last year served me this trick, one horn breaking clean off. I think that ibex do not carry off a bullet so well as the markhoor. Of course all depends on what part the bullet struck; but as the result of my experience, I should say that a markhoor goes farther than an ibex when not struck in a vital part.

Many of the hills are spoiled for sport by the sheep which are sent up to feed during the summer months. The ibex do not mind the sheep so much, but they are driven off their own feeding-ground in another direction, where the ground perhaps is very rocky. Most of the shepherds have several dogs with them, which are continually barking, and these brutes frighten the game from coming down low to feed. The shepherds generally have a gun concealed among the rocks, and occasionally go and hunt on the sly, though they always tell you that they have no guns, or only use them to drive off the bears when attacking their flocks. In some parts of Cash-



mere there are a great many wild dogs; many a time have I gone over good ground, not seeing ibex, some of these four-footed interlopers having hunted there just before me.

Ibex vary much in size, the length of the horns being no test of the dimensions of the animal's body. By far the largest ibex I ever killed had horns only thirty-four inches long; both Sultan and Kurroem told me they had never seen a larger ibex killed. I once killed two ovis ammon at the same stalk; the horns of one, Puljaur said, were as large as any he had ever seen; the other had horns not much more than half the size, but was a larger animal in both bulk, length, and height. Thirteen inches measured over the first knot is the thickest ibex horn I ever got, but they are to be shot a good two inches thicker than this.

A man who is a good walker will never wish for finer sport than ibex or markhoor shooting; hunting the ovis ammon is not to be compared to it in my humble opinion. Burra singh, or Cashmere deer, afford the next best sport anywhere near the valley.

Hungul is the vernacular name for the stag, meenormurr for the doe. They are certainly not half so knowing as ibex or markhoor, but a good stag's head is a fine trophy to hang up in your

ancestral hall, or in your commodious bungalow, as the case may be. The big stags shed their horns in March, towards the end of the month; a few keep them till about the 10th of April, and some of the little fellows do not shed them till much later than this. Their horns do not become perfect till about the 8th of September. I killed an eleven point fellow on the 20th of August last year, the horn quite hard and knotted, but still white in appearance. I have seen them in June with the horns almost perfectly shaped, but of course covered with the velvet. In the month of May any number may be killed, but being without horns, and their coats all changing, they afford no sport. They are found from beyond Gurys right round to beyond Traal. The Lah and Queehama districts are the best for them. The author of the *Summer Ramble in the Himalayas* remarks that he only got his stag hunting at the fag end of the shooting, other parties being so numerous that he had to content himself with the worst ground. Near the place he hunted is some of the best ground for stags in Cashmere, especially if he had gone still more to the left. Nearly every one goes to the Wurdwun side of Serinuggur, but for burra singh the country round the Adjus side of the Wuller Lake is decidedly the

best. Most of the shikarees know numbers of good places by name, but few of them know the ground thoroughly, and generally get some man of the village to come with them. A few stags are heard calling about the 15th of September, but near the valley few are heard at this time. About the 5th of October to the 20th is the time they are most heard, having all returned from the far hills, where they remain during the summer. The shikarees all say that the stags do not mind smelling you in the rutting season, and always go straight to where they hear one calling. This is a great mistake; they do smell you, for I have tried and proved it over and over again. And even supposing that the stag does not smell you, the does do so, and give the alarm should they be with him. The stag is certainly not so knowing as usual when he is in love, like a good many other creatures of the masculine gender, but the smell of your body makes him sensible very quickly. You should try and hit the stag in the killing spot, as in the jungle they are very difficult to track.

In using the word jungle in this book, I am speaking of pine forests. The natives here call everything in the shape of long grass, bushes, or trees, jungle. Never shoot at the does at this time;

the stag is sure to be somewhere close by. When getting close to where you hear one calling, you should go very slowly, and stop occasionally behind a tree, and have a good searching look, and then go on again. If the leaves are very dry, causing you to make a great noise as you walk, stop; and when the stag bellows again, walk on a few quick paces while he calls, and then stop again. In stalking, you should always be stooping, unless you are obliged to be upright to get a clear view. In the evening especially, if a man is moving along upright and the stag sees him, he bolts at once. If he is crouching along, they often stop and stare, and sometimes walk right up to you, thinking they see a doe, I suppose. You should superintend the cutting-up of one you have killed, or your men will swear that there was no fat on it, and take every bit of it for themselves. During the first part of the rutting-season, the stag hardly eats anything, and their stomachs are quite empty. When a stag calls, they are nearly always standing near a tree: they give a call, and then knock their horns about the tree for nearly a minute, and then call again. This shaking of the bushes often shows you where the stag is; and while he is shaking, you can walk on without fear of his seeing you, if you are moving

carefully. When a stag is lying down, and you can only see his head, and you are waiting for him to rise up, you can generally tell when he is going to rise, as they first shake their heads once or twice gently from side to side, then give a couple of yawns, and then get on to their feet. When the rutting-season draws nigh, there is generally a rush from Serinuggur in all directions for them. Do not try one place and then another: stop at the first place where you hear some calling, and pick out a place that is on their road on which they return to the lower hills. You then get fresh stags passing you every day. If you remain at a lower place, where they congregate, you frighten them off to another. As to how many you ought to kill in the rutting-season, all depends on your shikarees' knowledge of the ground. They may know a place by name, and may have been there several times before with other officers: this is not enough. Any man may go to a place he has heard of, and hear lots of stags calling; but this is not sufficient. He ought to know the whereabouts of every little puddle in the wood, and where the favourite patches of grass are situated, and should also know down what particular part of the hills the stags travel along on their way from the back hills. A great deal depends on what part you

pitch your camp: it should never be pitched near water, though your servants will all recommend it. Have two mussucks with you, fill them, and let not one man of your camp go to the water under any pretence whatever. What sport one ought to have in February, I cannot tell for certain. The season that I was in Cashmere was during the famine, when rain and snow were wanting; but all the shikarees used to assure me that in February next, if the usual quantity of snow fell, I should get several shots a day at them. Eleven points is the common number. I never killed any with more than twelve tines myself, and never saw one with more than fourteen perfect tines. You must not reckon the two white nobs generally to be found over the second tine above the forehead. I am told they occasionally get to sixteen, but I never saw one myself with that number of perfect tines. It would be impossible to give the dimensions of a stag's horns as a general criterion of the size. Some horns are thick and long, with few points; some curve in, some branch out. The finest of my heads had eleven points, though I have killed very large fellows with twelve. The largest-bodied stag I ever killed had ten points. I should think he must have weighed 50 lbs. more than any other I ever shot; unfortunately, he fell over

some rocks and spoiled the skin. In June and July the does are a bright red, and their skins are very pretty at this time. The natives say that the stag will sometimes attack men in the rutting-season. I know of no instance myself. When going to a stag you have shot, approach him, as with all game, from above. If he is very lively, you should seize one horn and your shikaree the other, your coolie doing the hal lal. If you hear stags calling, you cannot tell for certain which is the biggest by their voices, some of the largest having very shrill notes, and some of the little fellows very deep ones. If a stag suddenly ceases calling, do not go on another step till he calls again; they often lay down for several hours, and then call again, every now and then giving a moan. In the jungle it is almost impossible to see them at once, unless guided to the exact spot by the calling or by the shaking of the bushes. (A piece of stuff these deer have in the corners of their eyes is considered a great remedy for the women here in difficult labours.) You seldom see musk-deer unless you drive for them: they are not worth shooting when after other game. I only killed five during the whole time I was in Cashmere. The best musk I ever saw came from Yarkund. The musk-deer of Cashmere are very small. I killed a doe

in Khagan bigger than any of the bucks I killed here. The ramoo or wanbuckrie are very scarce. I saw but three during my sojourn in Cashmere. Perhaps they are more numerous in some other districts where I have not hunted. They have very large ears, horns about seven inches long, and are a black-reddish colour. I never shot one; so don't know much about them. Their flesh is said not to be good; the musk-deer also is very tasteless.

I have told the reader enough about the bears already. If any one wanted bears, I should recommend them to kill those in Siberia, or the polar bears, as both are much larger than these; and, for what I know, I dare say the bears of Siberia are fiercer. But I should be very sorry to go so far for bear hunting.

As for Ladak, I would not recommend a trip there, unless the sportsman is quartered in the Punjaub, and particularly wishes to kill an ovis ammon. The country where Mr. Dunlop went, and tells about in his *Hunting in the Himalayas*, is much better. Two friends of mine, who went in that direction, told me they used to see more ovis ammon and wild yak in one day there than I saw during my whole trip in Ladak. I only saw three flocks of male ovis ammon between the 5th of June and



the 25th of July. My friends told me they often saw several flocks a day. Six yak, namely, three bulls and three cows, were all that I ever saw in Changchenmoo; this number, my friends informed me, could be seen daily, and with this advantage—that no cows are to be seen there, only the bulls, as the former are afraid to cross the river there, the Sulej, I believe. The man Surjoo was said to be an excellent shikaree. In Ladak, Puljaur is the only man I know of, than whom, if he chooses, there is not a better shikaree in Thibet. He was rather a gay youth, and fond of wine and love, which did not tend to make him over fond of hard work, or able to stand it; but as regards stalking, he had a better idea of it than any native I ever saw. To get sport in Ladak, you should leave Serinuggur by the 1st of March. You will have some trying marches over snow, and it is rather dangerous work; but if you wait till May and then go, you find most of the yak gone back to Tartary, and the few that are left all changing their coats. I saw the tracks of numbers that had been feeding here about a month before my arrival. Except when “at bay,” I do not think a donkh would ever charge; but having only killed one bull, which fell dead when shot, I cannot speak from experience. But with all

game that I have had experience with, I should consider the shooter always safe if he approaches from higher ground to his game. I have read that ibex turn sometimes and dash the hunter down the rocks; I do not believe it. An ibex might, when struggling to break away from you when cutting its throat, upset you by its struggles on bad ground; but I cannot believe that any ibex would deliberately attack the hunter.

Few officers have enough leave to enable them to hunt more than two months in Ladak. If you try for all kinds of game to be found there, your sport is uncertain, unless you are the first up. If you find others before you in Changchenmoo, I would not go there, but try for *ovis ammon* only. If you find a good place, and hunt well for a month, you ought to be rewarded with several good males. The way to get sport with the game you prefer hunting is simple: find a place where they are known to exist; pitch your camp, and stop there a good time; do not go over the hills, and, because you see nothing, strike your camp and march on for another place. A hill may be full of game, and yet you may walk over it a week and see nothing; the tracks show you where the game has been. When you sight the game, stalk at once if in a favourable position;

a few hasty glances show you if they are to be approached without risk. If the wind is unfavourable, or the ground too flat, sit still; watch them till dark, and then go home, and return again next morning. Patience is as necessary to the stalker as to the angler. *Ovis ammon* are often seen in the plain, where the ground is as flat as a pancake. There is no grass here, as in Cashmere, and often only gravel, and no stones to shelter you when creeping along. I have stalked *ovis ammon* like bears, crawling to them when their heads were away from me, and stopping when in my direction. I would never try this with large males, as the risk of being seen is so great, and it would be such a fine trophy to lose, when you can make sure of it with a little patience.

In my remarks about dress, I forgot to mention that your trousers should be double-seated, and a piece over the knees; also along your sleeves, from your wrists to above your elbows. You will find the benefit of this when creeping to game on hard stony ground, like that in Thibet. Neutral-tint spectacles should be worn here when sunny, if there is much glare. If you were simply taking a walk, you need not wear them; but when you are staring over every hill and plain far and near, to

make out game, day after day, you will find that your eyes are much benefited if protected from the glare. When there is no glare, the spectacles would be of no use—in fact, rather a nuisance.

A good glass is of great use, and many a head of game have my telescopes helped me to. Many prefer the binoculars or opera-glasses. I have tried them: they are not to be compared to a telescope. Of course, I do not mean the little portable things usually recommended to deer-stalkers. They are only fit to make your eyes ache. Go to a first-rate optician and pay 8*l.* or 10*l.* for a good-sized telescope, and you will never regret the outlay if you are fond of shooting. One of my telescopes was nearly three feet in length when pulled out, the other nearly a foot longer than this. I got them at Carpenter and Westley's, and I never saw better glasses of the same size. The binoculars are handy for short distances, if you are short-sighted; but for spying-out game, and judging the size of each of the flock, they are far inferior to a telescope. In fact, I would not trouble myself carrying one. Natives seldom see well through a telescope until you teach them how to use them. In looking through a telescope, do not shut one eye. A friend of mine, who had a heavy pair of Paris binoculars once called my attention to a

fine ibex on the top of the hill over our camp. I took out my telescope, and pronounced the object to be, as it was, a fine village goat! Many suppose that a telescope flashing in the sun will frighten the game, or attract their attention. Of course, if one stands on one's head and sings a comic song, the game will be alarmed and most likely bolt. But if managed properly, your telescope may be as long as a puntpole and never alarm the most knowing animal in creation.

For successful shooting and stalking, all depends on your inclination to work or not, and whether you really love the sport. The great majority of sportsmen who visit Cashmere have had before but little or no experience in hill-shooting. An accomplished Highland deer-stalker will find that he has a good deal to learn yet before he gets much sport in Cashmere. I know nothing of deer stalking in Scotland myself, except that it is not such hard work as markhoor or ibex killing; but I am not alluding to a knowledge of stalking alone. One must also possess a certain quantity of common sense, and must have his wits about him. A knowledge of Hindustani is also necessary; for although the language of Cashmere is quite different, yet most of the shikarees know it; and by continual cross-

examination they will find it more difficult to deceive you if you know it. Your Bengal servants do not like high hills, and generally arrange with the shikaree not to go farther away than he possibly can help from the neighbourhood of the villages. Shikarees here, especially those who have a great name, turn rusty if not treated as if superior to the rest of your servants. If you have got one who is not a real shikaree, should other sahibs be hunting where he meant to have taken you, he goes off to some other places he has heard of by name, and gets a peasant to carry your spare rifle—that is, to show your shikaree the ground. You are almost sure to see some bears, and if you are a tyro, you are pleased at killing half-a-dozen of the bruin tribe, and give your shikaree a chit of approbation, though he deserves more kicks than praise. Supposing you want to hunt ibex and nothing else, this man may be able to show some in May, but during the summer he will not know where to go or to look for the old bucks, except perhaps on his own hill, which is very likely occupied by some other party. You cannot tell the character of shikarees from their chits. Many an officer who comes and kills a bear is so delighted that he gives a chit, saying, “This man is a most wonderful hunter.” A man might help his master to

kill ten thousand bears, and yet know nothing of stalking. "Active and willing" may be said of a good many, but nothing more. Read through all the chits of a man who offers himself as a shikaree to you. Question him well where each officer went and what sport he had; you can then compare his answers with what the writer says of him. Some sportsmen seem only to give their chits to proclaim what mighty hunters they are themselves. I read one chit to the following effect:—"This man is such a good shikaree that I killed game every single stalk that I had with him." I asked the man what sport the gentleman had had. He replied, "that he was a very nice sahib, to be sure, and gave him lots of bucksheesh. He killed a few bears and burra singh, but that he hardly ever hit anything, and that if he had shot even moderately well he would have killed some fine ibex, several good stags, and how many bears I don't know." I met another of his shikarees once and he confirmed the account of the other. One man, whom I employed for a few days to carry a rifle, possessed chits saying he was a first-rate shikaree. I started with him by night up a hill for ibex, and when the day broke, I was astonished to find him dressed in a European sky-blue lounging coat that had been given him by a former master. I

made him take this off, but I found him no use, being too fat to keep up with me. Many will recognize who I mean. I must, however, record that the man had an excellent character for honesty from a master whom he had served for a long time in the plains. If your shikaree is talkative he is most likely a bad one; if he is rather reserved,—in fact, almost sullen, he is most likely a good one; but until you have been after game with him he cannot be judged correctly. When on the hill looking for game, if he walks quick and stops seldom he is a bad hunter; if he moves very slow, and stops, and sits down very often to look about, he most likely is a man who knows his trade. On engaging, make no agreement about wages, but promise him bucksheesh if he show sport or works well. Then, if he has played you false, you can pay him as a coolie; if he has served you well, and tried hard to find you sport, he is well worth eight annas a day. When you pay a man his wages in Cashmere never do so before any other man of any sort, and if any one wants to know what you gave him, do not say, or else mention a sum much less than you did give him. The Kardar will take some of it if the man is a humble fellow, or living far away from Serinuggur; and there are also many other reasons for this policy. Shikarees do



not like getting up very early ; they are always as sulky as a wounded bear on these occasions.

You will kill twice the quantity of game by being on the hills by daylight. If, as often happens, clouds are floating all over the mountains, sit still, or return to your tent. You cannot see more than fifty yards on these occasions. You should move slowly, and then you always stand less chance of being seen. Going over every ridge, stoop, and bring your rifle to the trail. Never cross any ridge upright, and always carefully look over the ground near and far before crossing any ridge. After having surveyed the ground with your eyes, sweep it again with your glass from behind a tree or stone, looking at the foot of every tree and under each stone for game lying down. Stop and do this wherever you get a good clear view. You may sit sometimes from noon till evening, and look at the hill-side with glass and eyes till evening, and see no game, and then about sunset the game appears to spring up like magic from the earth to feed before you. If you hear a stone fall, drop instantly. When looking over a ridge, and you see game, do not bob back with a jerk ; sink gently backwards. When walking on the hills, the shikaree who walks before you should carry his rifle at the trail, or with the stock towards you, the man behind

should carry at the slope, so that either rifle is handy to seize quickly, and both rifles pointing away from you.

Always have a spare pair of grass shoes with you, and two pair when after ibex. It requires some practice before you can walk well on the hills.

Your pole should be used more as a balance than as a support. When going up hill or on level ground, you can use it as a walking stick, to push yourself along; but on the side of a hill you should hold it in both hands across your body, pulling the hill towards you, as it were. Going down hill, if on fair ground, the pole should rest behind you, but still held with both hands; it can thus be used as a drag when required, and to push yourself up when slipping back. On bad ground, going down hill, never put your pole straight before you, or it may run into your stomach if you should happen to fall. Never rest much on the heel. Tread flat-footed on good ground; on the forepart of your foot on bad. Even running down hill, do not trust to your heel. The earth at the edges of snow is generally slippery. The surface of stones in water is often frozen over. Dead trees and long grass require careful walking. Turning a sharp corner, step first with your left foot, if you are turning to the left, and *vice versá*. On

rocky ground, avoid treading on the edge of a stone, they often tilt up and make a noise. Always tread light on snow, and never on the edge. You will seldom get a tumble on dangerous ground, simply because you naturally begin to tread carefully then. It is when you are moving on easy ground that you tumble, because you are not expecting to do so. On places where you have to use both hands as well as legs, remember that if you are carrying your rifle slung across your back, that the barrels should point away from the hill side, or they may catch against a rock and upset you. Falling on soft snow on a hill, dig in your heels and strike in your pole, and hold on. If on hard snow, your best chance is to turn on your face and stomach, clutching your pole with both hands at one end, and press it into the snow. This will stop you, if there is nothing better at hand to which you can cling. If on the look-out, and you take the fall in time, you may stop yourself before you have fallen far. If you have fallen some way on hard snow, the impetus is so great that you cannot stop yourself; and unless the snow stops you itself, or the ground at the end of it is soft, nothing but Providence can help you; but it is wonderful how active one always becomes when one finds oneself in danger. When getting near game go slowly, as you

have to be looking out sharp for them as well as for your feet. Never take your cap off before firing ; if it fits close to your head, and is of the right colour, you run much less risk of being noticed.

When you have got close to your game, and from the nature of the ground you can only see their horns as they are lying down, you must consider rapidly what to do. If you wait near for them to rise up, the wind may change, and they will bolt straight off without stopping. My advice (with markhoor and ibex and such game) is to go back and wait some way above them until they rise up to feed. If you are determined to wait near them, your rifle should be ready to cock, and you looking out sharp. If after waiting some time you find the air circling, throw a small stone some way from yourself, and just near enough to the game for them to hear it, or give a low, gentle whistle. These are plans adopted by the shikarees on these occasions to make the game rise up and afford a clear shot. I never allowed it when after any game that I cared about bagging. It is much better to go back and wait, and in the evening they will have risen up to feed. If you cannot get at them then, you will on the next day.

If a bear is asleep you can easily get near to him

and shoot him as you like. If feeding, and he is rump towards you, wait till he turns. If he does smell and bolt, he is no great loss. Besides, when they do smell you they generally give a hasty look about before bolting, and this allows you a quick shot. If you can only see his fur, you must fire from your pole standing up.

If you want to make a stag rise up, lie down, your rifle ready in both hands; then rustle the grass very gently with your foot. He will run a few yards, and then pause. When you have seen game cross over a ridge, do not follow too fast, but first make sure of there not being any more to follow; then go on, but keep your eye fixed on the ridge where they crossed. Game often come back and have a stare. Once I saw two markhoor I was following come back three times and have a stare about. Two more of their companions were feeding below in a ravine, and I had not noticed them before. When you have come on game suddenly, but hardly near enough for a shot, and they have not seen you, remain perfectly still after you have dropped, and let them feed up to you, or wait till you can move without risk of being seen. If you do not move, and the wind keeps favourable, no game will ever notice you. I have often let game come close to me, and not fired

until I got a good chance at the biggest. With burra singh, when you have got within shot, and the best stag does not offer a fair chance, and you see that some of the others have noticed you, remain still, even if they do begin to bolt, as they seldom go off straight on these occasions; they go a few yards, and then stop and stare. If game smell you, they are much more frightened than from hearing or seeing you at a distance. Even wounded game should be approached with the wind in your favour. Bears, when wounded, should be followed as hard as ever you can go, except in jungle; all other game should be very slowly followed up. When an animal is hit by a bullet and he has not seen you, he does not know what has hit him; and if he is hard hit he will soon stop. If you follow hastily, and he sees you first, he will not stop again, if he can possibly help it, until he has found some place to hide himself in among the rocks or jungle. With wounded ibex and such game, always give them a second bullet, unless lying dead or motionless. Shikarees often say, "Do not fire, I will run and hal lal," and frighten the animal away altogether. Stalking game in full view of them is easy enough on some ground; never try it with a flock, or even two or three, on a flat piece of ground where there is nothing to hide

you. When stalking an animal thus, you should shuffle on a few yards when his head is down to feed, and then stop before he raises it. This is much better than moving till he looks up and then stopping, as an animal raises his head very quickly, and much sooner than you can stop and be still.

When approaching bears, they sometimes look you right in the face, and if you are a beginner you will think that he has seen you, and want to fire at him. It takes practice to tell whether he has noticed you or not. I have had them stare right at me, and even rise on their legs, and have not moved, being quite sure they had not noticed me. I will explain. On one occasion I had crawled to within ten yards of a bear on the bare hill-side. My coolies and traps were moving along the hill a few hundred yards above us; they were all talking, and the bear kept rising up and looking right over me towards the sound. I did not move a muscle, as I knew that he did not notice me. If I had moved my rifle to shoot him, then he would have been off before I could have aimed. So I waited till he put his head down again to feed, and then killed him. With bears get as near as you can, but not with other game; twenty-five yards is enough, and less risk of being heard or seen. If you see two bears some distance

apart from each other on the same hill-side, do not speak or shout to your man after killing the first, but load and go after the other. I have killed bears within a hundred yards of each other; but of course it depends on the nature of the ground as to whether the other bear is alarmed or not.

Leopards are numerous in Cashmere. I never tried for them; they are seldom seen in the day-time.

If I were to publish a three-volume book on stalking, it would not be so much use to a beginner as a month's work with a good shikaree. The actual stalking of all game is easy enough if you have patience, but even if you are a perfect stalker you are still dependent on your shikaree for a knowledge of the ground.

Since writing the above I find that I have omitted two points I ought to have mentioned. Always order more coolies than you want for a march. At Serinuggur once I wanted twelve and I ordered forty coolies. Out of the forty there were only about ten men fit to carry a load. The other point I forgot to mention is, when you have cleaned and prepared your heads, wind a piece of thick cloth round and round your horns, or they will crack, especially when going to the plains.



I have said before that the majority of sportsmen in Cashmere are humbugged by the natives. I hope the observation will not give offence to any one. I dare say I was often humbugged myself; so, as I am trying to help others to getting sport here, I hope I shall be pardoned for the remark. I give a few reasons to prove the truth of the assertion. Many an officer who has the reputation of being a successful hunter has come to hunt in Cashmere, and hardly killed anything, or not half what he would have killed, if hunting on ground with which he was familiar. I was about seventeen months in Cashmere, trying for game the whole time; and from constantly talking with the shikarees, and through them with the natives, and from exploring for myself, I got to know the country where I hunted very well. But, then, a man who comes up here for short leave has no time to be finding out the ground for himself; he is entirely at the mercy of his shikaree. It is no use having the name of a hill given you on paper; you must know the hill thoroughly, and how to work it as well. Just by the time you have found a good place your leave expires; so, unless you happen to get hold of a shikaree who is a good one, and whose heart is in his work, you stand little chance of getting much sport; as the natives, as well as your

own servants here, try to deceive you about the game. I have often gone to a hill and killed game, from whence another sportsman has just gone away disgusted at seeing nothing. I have known Kardars give village shikarees to sahibs, and threaten to fine and flog them if they showed any sport. I have had sportsmen encamp near me, and send their shikarees to my tents to know what game was to be had near. The shikarees came with some of their masters' rice as a present to my servants, and, after a little diplomatizing, went back to tell their masters that there was no game at all in the neighbourhood. Once I met an officer on the hills, and I told him of a good place for ibex close by, and asked his shikaree if he knew it. "Oh, yes," he replied, and that he had often been there with other sahibs. A few minutes afterwards, he asked my shikaree what was the name of the place I had mentioned, and if it was near and supplies handy; because, if not, he would persuade his master that there were other places much better and nearer to the valley. At one place, the lombardar of the village solemnly assured me there were no ibex near; my shikaree also saying that he had never heard of them there. I found afterwards that my shikaree had been after ibex here the year before with an officer, earlier in the

season, and got the lombardar to deceive me, because he wanted to get back nearer to his own district. Some of the shikarees here, now quite fashionable, were formerly blacksmiths, cow-keepers, boatmen, or common coolies. I do not wish to take away the characters of the true shikarees; I only wish to put sportsmen on guard against deceitful men calling themselves shikarees. I met an officer once with a "swell" shikaree; this individual used to groom a horse for an old Pundit; then stole a chit from another shikaree, and put "khan" to the end of his name. I know something of the antecedents of almost every shikaree who accompanies Europeans in Cashmere, and have conversed with numbers of them; and, from all I know, I should say that there are not a dozen good shikarees throughout the length and breadth of Cashmere. The best do not hunt with sahibs, but for themselves occasionally. A European who literally loves the chase will become as good at stalking, after a year's practice, as any native.

One reads in books of the wonderful powers, eyesight, and knowledge of tracking and stalking of Indians, Africans, and Americans, but I believe a European, with half their practice, will be far superior to any of them in every accomplishment requisite

for game-killing. We will suppose an officer, a first-rate sportsman, an unerring shot, to come to Cashmere with three months' leave. At Serinuggur he chooses a shikaree ; after reading the character chits of several, he takes one whose chits all agree in saying that the owner of them is a wonderful hunter. Perhaps—in fact, most likely—all these testimonials were written by sahibs who killed bears with him or burra singh in May. If the officer asks him about ibex, of course he will reply that numbers of sahibs have killed them with him. He will mention a lot of hills he has been up or heard of, and off the party starts. The first place they march for is possibly engaged ; the next is disturbed by wild dogs ; the next by a party of sepoy's shooting ; the next by the Kardar having had the game frightened a little. Few of these impostors know more than three hills thoroughly. If the party has to move on again, the Hindustani servants at once begin to arrange with the shikaree to keep to more comfortable ground. If it is July or August, the man is safe not to know where to find the buck ibex, except on his own hill, near his own village, which is perhaps engaged by some one else. After drawing his master with lies and humbug over lots of good-looking ground, the sahib at length gets disgusted, and thinks it is his

bad luck. Every shepherd he questions will confirm his shikaree's statements about the game. He may have heard of a good hill from a friend, but it takes a week to know a Cashmere hill thoroughly. All shepherds dread the Hindustani servants, and always try to get the sahib away from their neighbourhood as soon as possible. When he sees ibex for the first time, he is a stranger to stalking them; so he lets his shikaree manage the stalk, and he will frighten them off to a certainty, unless under very favourable circumstances. The Sahib cannot talk the Cashmere language, and those of his men who do talk it will interpret as it suits them. In fact, the best sportsman on earth coming here will have little sport, unless he is lucky enough to get hold of that very rare article—an honest, good, hard-working Cashmere shikaree. The natives themselves do not like roughing it on the high mountains; I have known them break their dishes, so as to tell their master that they cannot cook, and, therefore, must keep near a village. I have known rice sent back to the shikaree's house, in order to hasten the supplies getting short. I have had friends of my coolies coming to tell me that a fine flock of ibex feed daily on a hill, a few marches farther back, near the valley. I have come to hills where I have killed

game before myself, and have been told, on arrival, by the villagers that there is not and never was any game there. A Sahib in Cashmere is looked on as a lawful object for native plunder. Every one tries to get as much out of him as he possibly can, from the day of his arrival till he returns to the plains.

I have now finished my remarks on the shikarees here. All that I have written of them is milk and honey to the abuse I have often heard bestowed on them by sportsmen of all sorts.

When I was leaving Cashmere, many of them used to talk with me about writing a book of my hunting adventures, and asked me to mention their names; so, for the fear of making any of them jealous, I print the names of a number that I can recollect. Some in the list are good shikarees; some good servants, pleasant fellows, knowing nothing of shooting; some, ignorant deceitful brutes. Formerly, there were few shikarees in Cashmere besides men of Afghan or Pathan origin, such as Ner Khan, Aslam Khan, and others. Now, since so many Europeans have come here yearly to shoot, the demand for shikarees is far greater than the supply; consequently, the trade was taken up by numbers of ignorant fellows as a pleasant way of getting their livelihood.

The names marked with an asterisk are common to several shikarces.

Subhana Khan	Ellee Shah	Mahmoud
Shere Khan	Ramzan Meer	Rusool Khan
* Abele Khan	Halladad Khan	Bahr Shar
* Risark	Tajkhan	* Seedeeq
* Amdoo	Acolo	Raieem Shaik
* Kurreem	Ackul Shah	Kaieem
Kurreem Khan	* Raieem	Sufulmere
Khyber Khan	Yah Khan	Kumaloo
Kurreenibux	Azeem	Ishmael
Sultan	Mokter	Jungloo
Ameer Shah	Futtoo	Rushbut
	Ahmoud.	

## CHAPTER VIII.

Remarks on the Choice and Use of Rifles for Killing Game in the Himalayas.

*Rifles.*—"Breech or muzzle-loading?" that is the question to be first decided. I have never fired a breech-loading rifle in my life; at the same time, I know something of the advantages they are said to possess, and I am well acquainted with some of their defects.

For riding after game, galloping alongside of it, and firing again and again into a wretched animal till it dies, a breech-loader will be found the readiest weapon. They are more rapidly loaded than rifles of the old style. They are also the best for a battue, where quick loading and firing is the order of the day. But for shooting in the Himalayas, where you may often not fire a shot in a week, the muzzle-loader is by far the best and simplest weapon. It is a mistake to suppose that the quickness of loading a breech-loader enables you to dispense with having

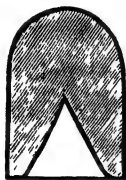


a spare rifle. I should have been hurt to a certainty by a bear in Khagan if I had trusted to one rifle. Instead of fumbling at my cartridge-case to load again, as I should have done in case of a breech-loader, I fired my other rifle in his face. In the Himalayas, you should always have two double rifles; so loading in frantic haste ought to be seldom required. When commencing a stalk, put two bullets and patches into your shikaree's hand, so as to load quick if necessary. I do not think I ever lost a head of game from delay in loading my rifle. It is said that if near game, you can load a breech-loader without attracting an animal's notice; but on the hills you should never move a single step with an empty rifle. None but a tyro would fire at game and follow without loading first; and if you want to load without making game notice you, you may be quite confident that where you can hide yourself without being seen, there you can load your rifle; and unless you are very nervous, you will make no noise with a ramrod. Quickness in loading is the only single point in favour of the breech-loader, and this you do not want when you have a spare rifle. A muzzle-loader has its barrel cleaned to a certain extent every time it is loaded; and if you are a great theorist about accuracy, you can load with

a charger. On the hills you get some dreadful falls ; and if a breech-loader is damaged, it is more difficult to repair. I am not prejudiced against them : I simply say that they are inferior weapons to the muzzle-loaders for shooting in the Himalayas. For cantering after game, and for battue-shooting, I admit their superiority.

*Bullets.*—For bullets, the spherical still seem most approved of in India for game-killing, and I am not surprised at it. I hardly ever saw a sporting rifle properly made and furnished for the conical bullets. In general the barrels are made far too light, and the moulds on very unscientific principles. You see them made for solid, belted cones, some flat and heavy at the base, others fine and thin in front, and of all sorts of absurd fanciful shapes. I have seen these useless articles supplied by the most celebrated makers at high prices. In fact, a good rifle for firing conical bullets is a thing I seldom saw turned out or supplied to any sportsman. For my own part, I consider the conical infinitely superior to the spherical bullet for game killing ; but unless made and furnished properly, the rifle with the conical bullets is infinitely inferior to one with the old round balls. When I am recommending the conical plan, I am not thinking of the Whitworth and rifles of

that bore: they would be nearly useless for game killing. A bullet that passes quick through an animal is not so killing as one going with less velocity. For sporting purposes, range is not required, and you shoot with very little powder. A conical is much heavier than a spherical ball of the same gauge number; therefore it gives an animal a greater shock. A bullet should be a very blunt-



ended projectile. I killed all my game with bullets of this description, using one drachm and a half of fine powder. I am quite sure that a bullet of this sort, with a moderate charge of powder, is far superior to the round ball.

Twenty bore is about the gauge; and fourteen, if you like the round ball. If the bullet sketched here were made longer, and therefore heavier, with a fine point, its killing power would be impaired, especially with a large charge of powder. It is very blunt; so passes slowly through an animal, giving him a great shock. It is this bluntness that makes a round ball kill well, but its lightness makes it inferior to a blunt conical bullet of the same gauge. A round ball of larger diameter, equal in weight to the conical bullet of twenty, would kill better, as it would make a larger hole; but then, make a blunt conical of the same

gauge, and you get a heavier bullet, therefore, a more deadly projectile. I, therefore, do not see any advantage to be gained by using the old round bullet. Moreover, to get all the good out of it, your ball should fit a little tight; so it is not so easy to load as a ball on the expansive principle. With regard to accuracy, the difference is trifling; perhaps the round may be a trifle the best with a tiny charge; but I know that the conical is good enough, and that whenever I missed, it was my own fault, not that of my rifle or bullets. I say nothing about shells, as no true sportsman would ever have recourse to such a cowardly, unsportsmanlike dodge.

*Two-grooved Rifles.*—How two-grooved rifles ever got popular is quite a mystery to me. I cannot imagine in what their excellence consists; while their defects are so palpable, it is a wonder that any one can order them to be made. Loss of range is one fault (not much consequence perhaps for game-killing), difficulty in loading them, great recoil on discharge, necessity of putting the ball on the muzzle so as to fit on the grooves, and an extra tendency to foul. They are not a jot more accurate than a polygroove rifle. In fact, as they kick more, they would be found to be inferior to them, if properly tested. When they got into fashion, many a sports-

man ordered a two-groove, and now when he recollects the sport he enjoyed with it, he recommends the principle as superior to all. Gordon Cumming talks of his trusty two-groove, but it burst eventually. In fact, when dirty they are most difficult to load. You may fire twenty shots at a target and find no difficulty in loading—this is no test. On the hills you may often not be able to clean your rifles for days together; and the foulness of a gun that has been used for days amongst damp grass is a much more serious obstacle to overcome than the deposit of gunpowder, when you are loading and firing at a target.

Of the oval bore principle I have not had much experience. I have often fired a little forty oval-bore rifle, made by Lancaster. I thought it went off rather unpleasantly. The measure of the powder-flask belonging to the case was  $2\frac{1}{2}$  drachms. If loaded in proportion, a twenty-bore oval rifle would kick dreadfully, I should think.

I will now give my idea of a good rifle for game-killing on the Himalayas. Double barrel; twenty bore; five grooves; two feet four inch barrels; degree of spiral, four-fifths of a full turn; foresight along, not across the rib; backsight for 60, 90, 120 yards; the sixty yards a fixture; no vent holes or

casting off ; side nail slit at each end ; barrels heavy ; no trap in the stock. The barrels of the best laminated steel. Very few of the gunmakers know anything of this metal, and call anything of fancy steel, laminated. Barrels of this material are stronger and less liable to rust than others. I must refer the reader for all this sort of information to *Gunnery in 1858*. I do not recommend having the sights flat with the rib. You ought never to fire at running game on the hills, while, for accuracy at standing game, you must have a notch to look through, or some guide to keep your eye looking straight down the barrel. Wooden cases are only lumber in India. For furniture, a nipple wrench and turnscrew, both with cross metal handles ; two jags ; two ball-drawers ; spare nipples ; and side nail. Flask, mould, and spring cramp, are all the extras you really require. For work, an iron ramrod is the best, and it steadies the rifle. If you prefer wood have a spare one. Such a rifle ought not to cost you more than 25*l*. Have as little engraving as possible, though, should you want to sell the rifle, it will fetch a higher price if well-finished up. It is absurd how guns sell sometimes in India. By what rules some men judge a gun I cannot divine. I have seen a first-class double rifle by Rigby, case and all, sell for 150 rupees, and

at the same sale, a common Brummagem gun, well polished up to please the eye, fetch 300 rupees. Very few gentlemen know anything about guns, except how to shoot with them. How often does one see a sportsman take up a gun, and after clicking the locks up and down violently twenty times, pronounce his opinion of the weapon. If the lock gives a good click, the gun is praised, though the barrels and laying together may be infamous. Unless one can make a barrel oneself, and has spent a lifetime at it, it is impossible to tell whether a barrel has been well worked or not; but you can soon learn how to distinguish between Damascus and the various twists and mixtures in common use; and in fancy steel guns it is well to have an idea of what is good and what looks good. Gunmakers themselves are often humbugged, and cannot tell you of what metal half the guns in their shops are made of. With regard to where to buy a rifle, I would say, order one from any respectable maker who will let you try the rifle to your heart's content before finishing up and setting together for good.

*As to Gunmakers.*—In Ireland, Rigby and True-lock stand highest. Damascus seems to be the hobby of the former. There are plenty of other good men, Richardson of Cork for one. In England,

it would be simply impossible to name any one man as superior to the rest. If I was asked to recommend my own, as a good maker, second to none, I would do so with the greatest pleasure. I have bought all my rifles from Mr. Greener, the well-known author of *The Gun*, and other works on fire-arms. I have ordered several hundred pounds' worth of fire-arms from him, and he always gave satisfaction. During two years of as hard work as any sportsman ever did, I never had a screw loose, or a thing go wrong with my rifles, that could be laid to the fault of the maker. I have fired rifles by all the great London makers. I have fired as good, but never better than, those of Greener. Moreover, I consider that he is entitled to the gratitude of every sportsman for his writings, in which, besides giving useful information, he has put sportsmen on guard against the tricks of the trade. He works himself in the midst of his men. In the practical part of gunmaking he is equal to any. If he sees a fault, it can be altered at once under his own eyes. Moreover, he has a name to keep up, many a maker never having forgiven his *exposé* of some of the dodges.

I mentioned 25*l.* as a good price for a double rifle. I am aware that you can get a rifle for 5*l.* and less, with which you might kill just as much game; but



if there is one thing for which we should not grudge our money, it is a gun. The more we pay our gun-makers, the more liberal should they be to their workmen, and the better they are paid the better they work. When you pay a good price you may expect a good article, and have confidence in it. You might, by chance, get hold of a forty-shilling rifle to beat the best in the shop of Lancaster, or any other justly celebrated maker. But supposing that no one would give more than 5*l.* for a rifle, in a short time such a thing as a good rifle would be impossible to get. It does not pay a man to take much trouble unless he gets a good profit; and if you choose to pay 20*l.* more than you need for a rifle, it is a more harmless way of spending your money than on things that do not last you half so long. A good rifle will last yourself, and your children too, if taken care of. What you have paid much for, you naturally take care of, and then it is always fit for work. So, no matter what maker you go to, give him *carte blanche* to charge his own price for a good rifle made for work. Shooting in the Himalayas is different work to hunting in the plains, so you must have strong work in your rifles. I had many dreadful falls with my rifle in my hand, three times smashing sights, twice the hammers and side

nail, and scratching barrels and damaging stocks very often. A thick barrel is much less liable to be injured than a light one.

I have now given the reader a slight sketch of a good rifle for the hills; but however perfect the weapon may be, half its efficiency will be wasted unless the owner knows how to treat it.

Your bullet-mould should be under lock and key, or some day you will find your servants pulling out nails with it. You should make the bullets yourself if you want good ones.

The fine powder is good enough for a hundred yards (all you ever want). The best powder I ever got in India was "Hall's rifle powder;" that called Hall's, in red tins, with native characters on the label, is bad stuff. I have also seen packets of powder called Pigous and Wilks', and Curtis and Harvey's, which those eminent firms would blush to acknowledge as their making. The Parsees play the same tricks with the powder as they do with the beer.

The charge of powder that I mentioned seems small, but it sends a bullet quite hard enough, and causes less noise and recoil than a heavy charge.

Your caps should be the very best. The double waterproof central fire are as good as any. Buy of Joyce or Eley.

For patches, cut a piece of linen about eighteen inches long, an inch and three-quarters broad; cut slits across at equal distances, when you have fixed on the size of the patch. When loading, you can tear off a patch at once. This is much handier than cutting out a quantity and having them in a lump. Put this in your trowsers pocket, and then the grease won't freeze.

When loading, the rifle should be upright. After putting in the powder, stamp the butt gently to shake the powder well down; put the bullet in the centre of the patch, and press it slowly down. If the bullet is tight, roll up your pocket-handkerchief, place it on the top of the rod, clasp both hands on it, keeping the rifle between your knees, and it must be a tight ball indeed that will not move for this. You should never want all this force, but only a firm, steady pressure. If you think the bullet has gone down easier than usual, draw it; or if in a hurry, give it a violent bang with the rod. You will flatten its end a little, but that will be all the better.

If you see that the powder has not come up to the top of your nipples, do not turn the gun and shake it up, but keep pouring in fine powder and pressing it down the nipple with a needle. If you shake it up it will very likely shake down again.

When loaded, a rifle of course is liable to go off if not used carefully. Half-cock is safer than hammers down; full-cock is rank madness. I adopted the following plan:—Take pieces of linen two inches broad and five inches in length; sew together enough for the thickness you require, and lay it across the nipples, and then put the hammers down. If one hammer is pulled back, the linen still remains over the nipple by reason of its width, and the other hammer keeping it in its place. If on half-cock the hammer is liable to be cocked by the bushes or grass in jungle without your noticing it at the time: sliding catches on the lock-plate prevent this, but coming suddenly on game, they may occasion delay.

Never allow your shikarees or servants to touch your locks, or even to put your rifles into their covers; do this yourself, or you will find them cocked on uncasing them. Always clean your rifles yourself. I would as soon trust a native servant to clean my watch as my rifle.

In washing rifles you should use linen rag with the edges hemmed. You need not wash your rifle often with water—once a month is quite enough; but you should draw the charge every morning before starting. Loosen the powder by turning round the jag very gently. The powder you collect in this

manner will do to give away. You should stop the muzzles of your rifles when putting them in their cases. I recommend those nipples that are large at the bottom and small at top; I think they miss fire less than the other plan. Order your servants to spread a blanket in front of your tent every evening, placing on it your cleaning rod, jags, and oil, so that on your return from the hills you can give them a wipe out, and then put them to bed without any extra trouble. You should first wipe out the barrels with a dry rag, then slightly oil them, and in the morning use the dry rag again, and always snap off a cap before loading, or you will have a hang-fire occasionally. A rusty barrel must affect the range of a ball, as I know it has required all my strength sometimes to pull out a bullet when drawing the charge from a barrel that has rusted inside. The more care you take of your rifles the better they will work for you; besides which, it is due to the man who made them that they should be used fairly, or you will attribute miss-fires and bad shooting to the carelessness of the gunmaker.

You should never take out the locks or undo a screw of your rifles unless it is absolutely necessary. Before using the screwdriver, clean out the slit of the screw-head with the point of a needle.

With regard to accidents with fire-arms, care and good nerve are your only safeguards ; but even then you are in the hands of Providence. It is all very well to say, "Never let your rifle point at yourself or any one else." You cannot help it during a long day on the hills. I never put a hammer to full-cock, except when raising my rifle to fire. I do not suppose that either of my rifles was at full-cock five minutes during the whole time I was in Cashmere. On getting near game it was always at half-cock. When taking my shot I used to squat or kneel first, then cock, aim, and fire. I never had both barrels cocked at once—you never require it. I once saw a friend load and press on a fresh cap with his thumb, and his gun exploded. I suppose a particle of flint must have got into his pocket among the caps. A Punjaub shikaree once let off my rifle close behind me ; he was examining the locks. Once in Ladak I heard click, click, and turning I found my coolie had got one hammer at full-cock, the other down on the nipple. They seem to look on fire-arms as playthings.

I have now brought this unpretending essay to a close. I have honestly endeavoured to give the sportsman useful information about the shooting in Ladak and Cashmere. If I have not succeeded,

the will has not been wanting; and as it is always considered very affecting to wind up with the text or title of your discourse, I can only say that I shall feel proud indeed if ever any sportsman visiting the countries I have been writing about shall acknowledge that he got a single useful hint from his perusal of **THE RIFLE IN CASHMERE.**

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## PART III.

ARMY REFORM AND INDIAN POLITICS.

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## CHAPTER I.

## ON ARMY REFORM.

Promotion Systems considered—Education of Officers—Colonels  
—Married Officers—Captains—Subalterns—Non-commissioned  
Officers—Soldiers—Reorganization—Slight Sketch of a Plan of  
Reform in the Army—Recruiting—Pay—Discipline, &c.

“TALKING SHOP,” or conversing on military matters, is seldom done at a mess-table: it is a good rule, as the ensign who joined yesterday might be better up in the subject than his colonel who joined before he was born. Of late years, civilians seem to think as much of military subjects as officers themselves. The education and conduct of officers, pay, promotion, competitive examination, are favourite themes in the newspapers, and leading articles often appear on those subjects; sometimes, perhaps, because there happens to be nothing else to write about at the time. It is not often we hear a voice from the army itself crying for reform; but as reform is certainly needed, I will jot down a few hints on various matters connected with the service.

I will just take the promotion of officers—nearly a worn-out subject, but not settled yet in a satisfactory way. Promotion by purchase is, of course, unfair to individual officers. On the other hand, promotion by seniority is unfair to the country. For the efficiency of the service, purchase is the better plan of the two. There can be no doubt that the more officers we have with a little money of their own besides their pay, the better for the regiment. Of course, if a gentleman is a good officer, he is equally so whether he is penniless or has thousands of his own. As far as fighting and drill are concerned, the poor officer is as good as the rich; but if you take a regiment in which nearly every officer is striving to make both ends meet, you will find the regiment loses in tone and *esprit de corps*. The soldier can respect a poor gentleman, though he sees him striving to make a respectable appearance by living with the utmost economy; he respects him as a man, but has no desire to have such men as officers. Poor men as they get older think of nothing but the Army List and their own position. They see many others who have been luckier than themselves; and though they may be cheerful enough for the first few years, they will soon get to a certain degree spirit-broken. Then they begin to cling, as it were,

to the service as their only home ; then to reverence all those absurd and antiquated forms and usages which tend to spoil our army. In fact, the poor officer becomes, after a time, a lump of quiet, living pipeclay. Heaven forbid that I or any one should say a word to hurt those who have no money—the best fellows and friends I ever met in the service had no income beyond their pay ; but it is against the exclusion of the wealthy that I protest—an object that latterly every one seems to be trying to bring about. We ought not to mind how many rich or poor we find among our officers, so long as we get gentlemen to serve us. But the service has become very unpopular, and in a short time we shall only get officers to serve us who would be anything else if they could. No one wants to see the officers of every corps consisting of honourables or sons of millionnaires, spending so much money that their comrades can't afford to live with them. On the other hand, I should not like to see the service composed of old officers who have got to look on their regiments as their only homes, and on their profession as their only means of getting bread. They at length become so mild that they learn to wink at habits that the independent officer would not tolerate for a moment ; and, finally, they become cringeing dependants on the colonel. Here

is an example to show what I mean: I believe it happened in Canada. (Many instances of the kind have come under my own observation.) A colonel ordered a man to be tried by regimental court-martial for losing an article of his kit by neglect. The court acquitted the prisoner. On receiving their finding, the colonel sent for the president, and after scolding him well, he insisted on the man's being found guilty and punished. The captain went back to do his bidding. Now an officer who did not care if he had to leave the service to-morrow, would have simply referred the colonel to the oath taken by members of court-martials, and would not have gone back to try and influence the rest of the court to alter their finding. A man is spirited enough at first in the service; but if he is unlucky, if he is poor and cannot leave the service, he soon learns to dread the colonel and to obey his wishes.

- But to revert to promotion. The purchase system, I admit, is unfair towards individuals; but the seniority plan would give us old men for colonels. If the seniority rule was adopted, the service would stagnate, and officers would deteriorate in efficiency and vigour. If we are resolved to do away with the purchase system, we have only one resource, and that is, "promotion by election;" but this would

give rise to a great deal of discontent. A plan on this principle, if adopted, might be carried out somewhat in the following manner:—Let every one join as ensign on five shillings a-day. Institute a good examination on professional useful matters; and if the ensign can pass it on the very day he joins, let him, and gazette him as lieutenant on ten shillings a-day. Let the rank of ensign be kept for those who can't or won't pass the test. After five years' service as lieutenant, give the officer twelve shillings a-day on passing another examination; and after ten years' service, give him his captaincy on passing a thorough examination in military science and other useful subjects. These examinations should require the candidate to be proficient in the use of fire-arms, and in gymnastics, including pedestrianism and horsemanship. Let no commissions beyond the rank of ensign be for sale. Let those who have had a good education, and do not care to enter the service through the military colleges, join on paying 500*l.* to some military fund; the money not to be returned to the officer when he retires, but simply taken as a fee to allow him to enter the service without having been at a military college. The promotion to rank of major might be given by election. Let every regiment elect one officer from among their captains as the officer most

fit, in their opinion, to command a regiment: the promotion, however, not to be given to the officer in the regiment that elected him. By this means, there would be a list in the hands of the commander-in-chief, who must give the different steps that occur according to seniority of those whose names he has on the paper. The promotion to colonel might be given by seniority in the regiment. This plan would require very careful drawing up in detail; but if carried out we should certainly get good officers at the head of our regiments. There would, of course, be the necessity of providing for those who were never elected, and who had served a certain time as captains. There are hundreds of good appointments, both at home and abroad, which are now difficult to get without having "interest," but which many officers would advantageously fill and even prefer to commanding a regiment. For the engineers and some other branches of the service, the elective plan would be more difficult to carry out satisfactorily.

I bring forward this plan of promotion by seniority and election combined as something better than seniority alone; but I am not an opponent of the purchase system. In theory, nothing can be more indefensible than the award of rank to the rich in

preference to the poor ; but, nevertheless, it “ works well.” For practical Englishmen, that is, after all, the highest praise. It is proposed by some extreme reformers that promotion by seniority, pure and simple, should take the place of the purchase system. According to this plan, the oldest officer in the regiment would be the colonel ; that is, the man filling the post requiring the most energy and vigour would be of an age when over-abundant energy and vigour cannot be reasonably expected. In time of peace, the seniority system would cause all promotion to stagnate, and a war suddenly breaking out would find the majority of our officers middle-aged men. The very opposite result is caused by the operation of the purchase system. Rich young men enter a regiment, and, in their eagerness for promotion, they subscribe largely to buy out the senior officers ; and thus cause a general stir and change in the regiment, which results in advantage to all—even to the poorer officer, who cannot afford to pay 5*l.* if it could buy him a company. Ask an officer depending on his pay whether he would like to go into a regiment where all the officers had the same income as his own, or into a regiment with four or five rich officers ready to purchase steps, and you will find that he will invariably prefer the latter. The reason



is obvious: the rich men may once or twice pass over his head; but they cause—perhaps half a dozen times—a general promotion of all the officers above them, that, being, in many cases, the only means of advancing themselves. As I have said before, I do not consider the system defensible in theory; it would never be introduced as a new system into any army; but its practical operation in regiments is to quicken promotion, and in that way to serve every individual officer in the corps.

We may next ask what kind of officers does the purchase system attract to the army? It undoubtedly brings to that force the wealthier young men of the country. The non-purchase or seniority system would probably cause a change in this respect; and young men of narrower means would, in many cases, supersede the present class of officers. Now this change would retard promotion in two ways; in the first place, through the stagnancy which the seniority system always creates; and, secondly, through the unwillingness of comparatively poor men to retire from the army. A man with an independent income has no hesitation in retiring, and more than three-fourths of the promotion caused now in the service arises from the fact that men of good income get tired of the service in the piping times of peace, and

quit it to make room for other young men of similar resources, ready to try their hand at soldiering for some years. Our younger nobility and gentry, as also the sons of prosperous professional men and rich merchants pass thus through the army by relays, in irregular succession. Take up an *Army List* ten years old, and you will see how many of the names there recorded belong to men now civilians. The army is being constantly strengthened by the infusion of fresh blood from all classes; and thus England finds, at the outbreak of each war, that her regiments are officered, in the main, by vigorous young men, ready to go anywhere or to do anything. In the olden time, no doubt, we had with this vigour a large amount of military ignorance; but the entrance examinations of late years, and the very serious examinations for the staff, ought to preclude any intrusion into the regiments of unfit or unworthy officers. No rank or wealth can now help a noodle to promotion into a responsible post. Were you to change the system, you would have comparatively poor men who had shown themselves fit for the work, instead of, as at present, wealthier men who have shown themselves equally fit and equally able to pass a severe examination. But while the wealthier men, as a rule, retire from the service

when the vigour of youth is passed, thus making way for others, and giving us always an army officered in the main by young men; the less wealthy men, dependent on their pay, would remain in the army, even after they had got tired of the profession—would still stop promotion, and give us at the outbreak of a war an army officered by middle-aged lieutenants, aged captains, and venerable colonels. Under the purchase system, the man so attached to his profession that he prefers it to all others, remains in the army; but the man tired of the vocation leaves it, and makes room for younger and more ardent men; while, on the other hand, the seniority system would retain in the service men too poor to quit it, however disgusted with the work, and too old to make really good officers in the field. The military merits of the general bulk of officers under both systems would be the same: the wealthy officer of twenty-five or thirty would be no better than the poorer officer of the same age, as both would have passed the same examination, and would be equally well-taught. But I fearlessly assert that the purchase system supplies the army with well-taught young officers (averaging from twenty-five to thirty years of age—the true military age), while the seniority system would give us in exchange well-

taught middle-aged officers (averaging from forty to fifty), and, according to all accounts, unfit for the harder work in the field. Ask any colonel of any regiment, if he could pick and choose his own officers for a campaign, what class of men, as regards age, would he select. He might desire experienced majors and captains who had seen service, but there is no doubt that he would demand lieutenants and ensigns young and active, and would readily forgive their inexperience. Now this is the very result which the purchase system, indefensible in theory, brings about in its practical operation. It keeps up at our mess tables a current of fresh young life, and it sends back every five or ten years, to country life or other callings, young men who have seen some service, and who afterwards can serve their country, as they generally do, by acting as officers of militia or volunteers.

There is another consideration which is not to be despised. The army, at present, is not for its officers a remunerative profession. No officer in the army can, for the first five or even ten years, live on his pay: he must call in the aid of his private income. We have thus, as it were, a set of public servants who are half-supported by the country and who half-support themselves. "This should not be," some

reformer will exclaim. Perhaps not; but if you wish to alter it you must add some two or three millions to the Army Estimates. If you wish to make the army a properly-paid service, you must considerably increase the pay. Offer to a young man without private income a situation in the Civil Service or an ensigncy in a marching regiment, and he will accept the first, at once refusing the latter. A clerk in a public office *can* live on 80*l.* a year: he may economize in lodgings, dress, and other expenses. But excluding all needless expenses—cutting off even wine at dinner and subscription to band—a young officer could not make a decent appearance on his pay. It is no harm to the public service should a clerk dress in a rather shabby coat; his work may still be well done. But a young officer in a shabby coat would not command the respect of his men, though his brother officers might be willing enough to forgive his poverty, and ignore the painful shifts to which it would compel him. The essential circumstances of military service make it expensive; the change of quarters makes economy most difficult. The men who are the best judges of the matter are the non-commissioned officers, and the many cases in which they refuse ensigncies—though 100*l.* outfit-money is always accorded—show

that they clearly understand that the subalterns of our regiments cannot live on their pay. There *are* comparatively poor men now in our army; they struggle on through difficulties and debt, until promotion brings them better pay—but that promotion is much more rapidly brought about by the purchase system than by any system of seniority. Were the latter plan adopted, those men would linger long at the bottom of the ladder; while now, the general concourse of richer men to the service causes a stir of promotion, by means of the advances paid for by the purchasing officers, and through the retirement, after five or ten years' service, of men who do not look on the army as their only resource.

It will be said, how do they manage in France?—how is it that the French army secures, without a purchase-system, a continual supply of vigorous men? The French have a sharp and sure remedy for the evil of old officers—they dismiss them without mercy. An English general officer, who had served with the French in the Crimea, and who afterwards encountered in Italy some of his old companions, remarked that the majority of the middle-aged colonels and captains had disappeared. He was informed that they had been dismissed with, in each case, a pension so small that in England a

superannuated messenger would not consider it a boon; and that many of the colonels and captains of the Crimea might now be found earning their bread any and every way throughout France—some behind tobacconists' counters, some as clerks, some as railway officials, some as police officers, &c. &c. Now, I do not think the English nation is prepared to imitate this example; I do not think any motives of economy would induce us to turn off to slave or work behind a counter an old or middle-aged officer, who had done the State good service. While the gentlemen of England are ready to enter the service, to endure its hardships, to be content with its poor pay, and to provide their own pensions—while they show themselves brave, as they have always been, and prove themselves, in examination after examination, fit men to officer our regiments, it would be, I humbly submit, a great mistake to alter a system that works so well, in favour of one which appears in theory to be more logical and defensible, but which in practice would probably prove expensive and inefficient.

Next to promotion, the education of officers requires attention. My own idea is that an intelligent gentleman, who has received a good education at home or at school, is just as likely to make a good general as another man who knows every treatise on fortifica-

tion, engineering, and mathematics, by heart, and understands them. I do not see why there is such a continual cry about the education of officers. They are second to none in their general knowledge, and taken as a body they are as well informed on literary and scientific subjects as any other class of gentlemen in the country. The trade of officers is to fight, which they do to perfection. Bookworms are not the best men to get into the army. As to the private soldiers, if they can read and write, and like to learn as much as possible besides, every facility should be given to them. But we should not press them to learn. It is our interest to teach a man who volunteers to study; but if we try to get as many as possible to learn, we get too many men of the class known as "lawyer soldiers"—men who, when they have read a little, imagine that they know as much as their officers. There is no man so bad to have in your company as one of this description.

I shall now say a few words about officers, beginning with colonels. It is seldom that you see a colonel who is popular in his regiment, the reason generally given being, that "the good fellows" get disgusted with the service, leave it, and so never reach that rank. No man could make himself so popular as the colonel of a regiment. He might be



the strictest martinet and yet be beloved. Many officers who were popular as captains are hated as colonels. The reason is very simple. It is an Englishman's nature to do everything in a plain, straightforward manner, without humbug; he is out of his element when he tries to be official and not simple. He likes to deal with others according to his own nature and feelings. This he finds very difficult to do as commanding officer. Before he attained that rank, he was "hail fellow well met" with every one. As colonel, he has to do everything according to forms, pipeclay orders, and routine. He knows he is not superior to his old friends, yet he has to uphold and administer a system which both he and they despise; and he feels himself avoided, not because he is disliked, but because he is the minister of pipeclay. Instead of saying "yes" or "no," he has to receive and answer stiff official communications, and soon gets to feel himself more like a schoolmaster than a colonel. Many a colonel would often do a kind action for a man, but dare not, because it is not according to form or orders. It is not often that you see a colonel who can drill well. I think a great many are nervous; others too excited. Many of them, who really know the drill perfectly, spoil all by continual shouting and finding fault, standing up in their

stirrups yelling and scolding. Besides the word of command, a colonel on parade should have very little to say. A good deal of what is contained in the drill-book should be struck out, it being much better to know the useful manœuvres perfectly than to have a smattering of a number of movements, half of which would never be attempted under fire. It is utterly impossible to teach a regiment everything in the book. At least no regiment could learn all perfectly, unless the men did nothing but drill from morn till night all the year round. Every movement should be so well known that the men could perform it themselves without receiving a single command or direction after first moving off. The drill, too, is continually being altered, and new orders published; just when the troops are nearly *au fait* in one system, out comes another. The system is much too stiff—we sink the man too much for the machine. So much for colonels and drill.

Captains form the most important element in a regiment. They influence the whole corps. I suppose no soldiers of other armies can like their commanders more than our men do. Except on parade, and at kit inspections, a captain has little to do with his company. He is generally liked; he will say a good word for a prisoner at the orderiy

room, give an advance, get a man off being tried, lend a gun, give a Christmas dinner, help the married, and not bother his men if they don't trouble him. Subalterns have always borne a stupid character in print. Novelists make Ensign Spoon playing or gambling with Captain Rook, a fast young muff, trying to talk about horses, calling everything a bore, always playing practical jokes, knowing nothing, and drinking a good deal. With regard to betting and gambling, it is nothing in the army to what goes on among civilians. The highest bet I ever saw made while I was in the service was ten pound on a foot-race between two officers. As for being fast, perhaps one officer may keep a horse more than he actually requires to ride, but not one subaltern in twenty lives beyond his income. I never saw any practical joking; and certainly it is not worse in the army than at college. Altogether, the subaltern is as good a specimen of young England as one could wish to see.

The non-commissioned officers are a very respectable, hard-working class of men, but they are not treated well; they possess not half the indulgences that might be easily granted to them. We work them all day, and put them to bed at tattoo. The non-commissioned officer cannot leave barracks for a

few hours without a pass ; in fact, he is treated more like a child than a man, and, except that he is better paid, his position is not much superior to that of a private. When a man is promoted to the rank of sergeant, he ought to be able to feel that he is trusted, and that he ought to be respected by his inferiors in rank, instead of knowing that except in name and pay he is not in a better position than before. Great care should be taken in selecting a man to promote as sergeant ; but when he is promoted, the situation ought to be made so pleasant as to induce him to try and keep it. I have known men getting tried on purpose to get to the ranks again, and men in the ranks preferring to remain there.

There is vast room for improvement in the service. We might easily get a better army than we have, if the profession was made more manly than it is. Each of our regiments, now—take any one you like—is nothing more than a large school ; the colonel is the head-master, the officers the ushers, and the sergeants the big boys or monitors. The whole army ought to be reformed again, and re-made, but on very different principles. The private soldiers are, as a body, as fine fellows as ever stepped on earth. Considering the life they lead, the small amount of

crime in the army is to me perfectly marvellous. The men are never at peace for a moment. A soldier is liable every five minutes when reading a book in his room to be disturbed by one of those continual inspections—officers and sergeants in and out all day long. After he has been fifteen years a soldier, he has to go through the goose-step; and gets leave off a roll-call as if he had asked for a peerage and pension. Though he has shed his blood for his country over and over again, yet he must be put to bed at half-past eight, as if he were a bold boy. Though he may have served in every clime and region, yet he must get a pass to enable him to go a little way beyond his barrack-gate. All the little boys can go and stare at fireworks all night, while he must beg for leave. He may have saved his sergeant's life in battle, yet the sergeant will have to send in a drill-report against him because a spot of mud was splashed on to his boots by a cart as he was walking to parade. A man has to be flogged, and every man is compelled to witness the disgusting exhibition, and perhaps the colonel says, "You men, take warning by this." A lance-corporal, who was born after he had enlisted, may have to reprove him if his shirt is a hair's-breadth out of a straight line when he is showing his kit. No wonder, then, when

he has to endure things a thousand times worse than all this, that he gets desperate and takes to drinking ; then he is shaved and put in the cells as if he had stolen something. If tried for habitual drunkenness (four times in six months), he is put in prison like a felon. No wonder desertions are so frequent—I wonder the number is not double what it is. All this might be easily got rid of if we went the right way to work. All our generals may be G.C.B.'s, and hold inspections, expressing themselves highly gratified, &c. (which any old lady could do as well), but none of them seem to understand how the army ought to be recruited. As long as we like to take bad men into the service, and make it unpopular with the good, we shall always have drunkenness and desertion cases to be tried. The manner in which the men are treated like children, and constantly being "nagged at," is the cause of half the drunkenness. For desertion, the remedy is not yet understood. You may hang men for deserting—it will not deter others from doing so. The difference between cause and effect is not appreciated by the heads of the army. Make the service pleasant, and desertion will cease directly. The profession of a soldier is looked down upon by workmen, because the army is a refuge for bad characters, and because

there is no comfort or independence for the good soldiers. I am speaking within bounds when I say that there are at least one hundred men in every regiment who are not fit to be soldiers, morally or physically. How some of them pass the doctors seems a miracle. "We must take bad or none," must be the motto. Sir Archibald Alison, if I remember rightly, suggested that the soldier's pay should be two shillings a day, and that then we should get better men to enlist.

No bounty should be given to the soldier on enlistment; it should not be given to the man till he is discharged. This would be an inducement for him to keep steady, as if he behaves badly the bounty should be forfeited; if well, it might be increased. The pay should be two shillings a day; one to be paid to the man daily, the other credited to him in the savings bank, and occasional advance given from time to time; the non-commissioned officers to be paid in proportion at a higher scale. This, though not enough, would induce many respectable men to enlist. But until pipeclay is trodden under foot, this will not be enough. Our system of drill should be simplified. The regiment should have a smart hour's drill each day before breakfast; then those for rifle practice and duties should remain in barracks,

but all others should be free for the day, to go to work for whom and at what they like. Our soldiers should be more independent. Men of a better class would then flock to the army. A field-day every Saturday, and over by ten A.M., would be enough drill in addition; and you might add substantial prizes for rifle shooting and proficiency in athletic sports. The regiment ought to be made to go at a good quick double for a quarter of a mile every day. (A long charge is often wanted in actual war, and if the men are all out of breath at the end of it, half the effect is spoiled.) Pedestrianism ought to be greatly encouraged in the army; soldiers enjoy a foot-race more than anything. The regimental colours do to ornament a ball-room with, but should never be taken on service. They don't make a regiment fight better, and on parade they are a great nuisance. Why should men have to defend with their lives a piece of silk and a pole? A small, light three-pounder would be a more sensible regimental article; every regiment ought to possess one. It would be a more valuable article to defend, and when not wanted could be left in reserve. In Indian warfare especially this would be a good plan. But, to return to my text on reform. If our soldiers could feel themselves in a more respectable position, we should soon have



the finest army the world ever saw. Now (though nothing can beat our men in fighting) the army is far from being conducted in the manly, honourable way that it easily might be. The old pipeclay school will laugh at the idea of a soldier having more liberty than at present. They will say that at a barrack gate you always see a soldier coming in drunk if you remain there some time. Granted; but take the population of a large town and see how many respectable workmen come before the magistrates every day: very few, compared to the soldiers. Why is this? Because the workman is an independent man, and not treated like a schoolboy all day. The soldiers, if they lived like the workman, would be the same good men. Now we take into the ranks men who are not fit to be respectable workmen—*ergo*, bad soldiers. And so, I suppose, this effeminate schoolmaster system must continue until we get the good men to enlist. We want to see men treated as such, not like children; to see a regiment go through a smart drill just to keep their hands in; to see five or six hundred honest men walk out of barracks to go where they like—to work for themselves, if they like—and not kept in barracks all day to be inspected and teased, showing their kits and their hair, and answering their names

every five minutes. Trust the soldiers themselves, when you get the soldiers you ought to get; trust them and their honour, as Dr. Arnold did with his boys, and then defaulter books, cells, and flogging, will soon be things of the past. I know by my own experience what rare good fellows soldiers are, and how they wish to get rid of the bad lots; but this cannot be done till the service is really an honourable profession, and not conducted like a ragged school.

Some little items will illustrate the routine waste of the service. For instance, sending red cloth tunics, black trowsers, and black chakos, to my regiment, from England to Peshawur, the cost of make and passage, amounted to more than would have paid a regiment several days! Then the waste of paper—I should like to know how much money is spent in buying paper for the army every year. If a man of your company goes for three days on detachment, several sheets of foolscap have to be used about it. Unless one had served, I do not think one could have an idea or believe the immense amount of forms, applications, duplicates, certificates, that are being constantly drawn up and required.

As to punishments, a man who deserves flogging

is not worth keeping. Insubordination, drunkenness, and such crimes, will vanish when soldiers are content with their profession. The amount of expenditure might be easily reduced, and the army made a most popular profession ; but a " cold shade " still hangs over the service.

What I have written has been with the humble intention of advancing the interests of the army. Any money or trouble this may cost us is nothing, when we reflect what good fellows soldiers are, and that their lives might be made happier. We cannot improve their fighting, I know. If only the very dregs of the population had the honour of wearing the red coat, they would all fight the same: but we want more than this ; we want intelligence, respectability, and contentment, as well as courage and blood ; and the more respectable the ranks become, the more intelligent and well-informed will the officers be, because the ignorant and the idle would not enter the service then.

## CHAPTER II.

## INDIA AND THE ENGLISH.

The Mutiny—Bengal European Force—Native Veracity—Native Servants—India for the English.

As to the Mutiny and its causes there are various opinions. Some thought the bad discipline of the Bengal European forces was the cause, but not many said so until that force was broken up. This certainly was *not* the reason. In prim, stiff drill the Company's European troops were perhaps inferior to the Queen's troops, but in fighting they were surpassed by none; and if their drill or discipline were not perfection, it was no fault of the men. I do not know how many inspections by generals I witnessed while I was in the service, but I never saw any troops get such praise as the Bengal Artillery, at Pindee, when the general addressed them at his inspection review, 1858. So, if one troop was so good, there is no reason why all should not have been as perfect. It was not the fault of the officers,

but of the system. I believe that the greased cartridge was the original pretext given for mutiny when it broke out, but it was not this that kept troops disaffected for so long a time. I believe, like many others, that half the men themselves did not know why they mutinied, and that they only did so because others did. The native habit of telling lies whenever they speak, and of greatly exaggerating everything they have to tell, is what contributed to keep the mutiny alive. Any slight success gained by the mutineers was, of course, narrated as a tremendous victory over the Europeans, and *vice versa*. I will give an instance. Suppose a sepoy regiment in Calcutta refused to dress for parade until their pay was increased; and that, instead of taking active measures, the General there asked them all to be good and quiet, and then they would get what they demanded. The native account of the matter would be thus: At Allahabad, "All the troops at Calcutta have been defrauded of their pay, and have risen and taken it by force from the banks." At Agra they would say that "sepoys were to serve without pay for the future; so the troops at Calcutta had driven the English out and looted the city." At Lahore, you would hear that "all troops below Benares had risen and drove the Europeans into

the sea, and proclaimed some native prince King of India." At Peshawur the news would be that "all Bengal, Bombay, and Madras had been recaptured; a large force started to pillage Europe; every Englishman in the country killed; the Governor-General spared on account of his age, and sentenced to pull a punkah for the rest of his life."

It is acknowledged by those who have known India for a long period that the natives are not near so respectful as they used to be. A native cannot speak the truth about the simplest matter; they always speak to please or to astonish the hearer, or to benefit themselves. I do not blacken their character; I simply state fact. A native thinks it no crime to tell a lie. The bearer who saved his master's life at night would charge him four annas too much for ghee next morning. I would sooner believe the simple assertion of one of our convicts than the oath of a native on his death-bed. It would be a good thing for India, if we could punish the liar as well as the thief. In moral character, the native is certainly to be pitied; but, take away lying, cheating, selfishness, and conceit, they will not be found so bad, after all. He is not so manly as the European, but the defect is the fault of his race and clime. A native is a handy fellow; he

can imitate anything with very inferior tools to work with, and can cook a dinner fit to lay before an alderman, between three brickbats, in the open air, during a shower of rain.

We ought to have as few native troops as we possibly can—just enough to do station and escort work. When there are ten thousand troops, instead of thirty thousand, there will be no mutiny to fear. Some people said that ill-treatment was one cause of discontent among the natives, and even adduced instances of cruelty on the part of Europeans toward their servants. One might as well say that, because Palmer murdered Cook, *ergo* every man you meet in Regent Street is a murderer. I think servants are very well treated in India. A clerk or house-keeper who cheats at home would be imprisoned or severely punished. Your servants cheat you all day in India, and, unless their frauds are of a gross nature, you take no notice, especially if the delinquent is a good servant; because, if you turn one man away, the next you get is just as bad: so, if a man is a good servant you keep him, though you know he is cheating you all the year round. I will fearlessly assert that Europeans have *not* made themselves unpopular by ill-treating the natives; on the contrary, we have made ourselves respected by our

good treatment of a conquered race. There are numbers, I am sorry to say, who still disgrace us by taking bribes and receiving presents from natives. It is difficult to prove these cases, as, supposing a man took a hundred rupees per mensem for passing the rations, and it came to be heard of, he would simply give the native a tip not to prove the charge in his evidence. Any European of any rank thus disgracing himself ought to be transported for twenty years, or imprisoned at Agra, with hard labour, for ten.

On the whole, the natives must have a great respect for us as judges, it being such a difficult thing to decide in any cause coming before a magistrate in India. One of them told me that they often have to give their decision according to which side they believe, well knowing that another man might perhaps give a contrary decision, because he believed the other party. Such is the native habit of lying, that in almost every case the witnesses are swearing against each other. Sir Mordaunt Wells spoke the truth when he told of the fearful prevalence of perjury amongst the people. The natives ought to have learnt truth from us, if example is of use. They believe our assertions without hesitation. Amongst themselves they have to say "Kudar ke



kussum," to get at the truth about a simple matter. These words, however, are merely muttered from habit, not for use, as a native would swear to anything for a pice. I can well understand men who have been some time in the country feeling a sort of attachment to natives with whom they have been long associated; but no European can ever respect them. At present, they respect us; so they ought, and they must do so if we can continue to treat them so kindly. The way we forgave the mutiny and fed them when starving from famine in the very places where months before they had killed our wives and children, must make some impression on them. How different were the Christians then from their own compatriots, the Bunnians, who, instead of trying to alleviate as much as they could the distresses of the famine, made the famine a pretext for raising their prices for long afterwards to enrich themselves? I speak of the natives as I found them—good men amongst them there must be, but few amongst so many. As a Christian nation it is, of course, our duty to preach the Gospel, and assist the good cause in every way we can amongst the natives; but we should also judge the natives from a Christian point of view. None of us are better than we should be, but we should not praise these people up, and shut

our eyes to their frightful vices and pamper them at the risk of losing the empire which God gave us to Christianize. What vices can be put down by a strong hand, should at once be crushed, as we did with suttee and infanticide. The charitable course is at once to acknowledge the natives as greatly inferior to Christians in every virtue, and then try hard to improve them, instead of abusing every one who finds fault with a native, and praising them at our expense. We cry up the enlightened natives when they are men of standing and wealth, but how few work as they should to improve their benighted countrymen? I dare say I shall be told that I had better confine my remarks to shooting, and subjects I know more thoroughly. I reply that the matter is worthy of the public attention, though mentioned by a humble individual like myself. India is not a welcome subject in Parliament, I am well aware; but it ought to interest us nearly as much as the state of Europe. We all know if a mutiny breaks out in Bengal what it costs us, and how many troops require to be sent from England. But suppose all India were to rise while we are at war in Europe, what would it cost us then? If we want to govern India as much as possible by natives we can try now at a great risk; but it will be a safer experiment

when Christianity has a firmer hold in the country, and the majority of the inhabitants are enlightened: not when a few book-reading baboos are pointed at and petted as our pattern Indian subjects.

Subjoined are some extracts from the *Lahore Chronicle*, bearing on these matters, which may be interesting. The respectable part of the Indian press agree in the views here expressed:—

“To those who consider that the natives of Hindostan are capable of being transformed as regards ideas, morals, and general idiosyncrasy into Britons with dark exteriors, and who look forward to the time when this country shall possess a liberal constitutional government, with representative parliament, general elections, and manhood suffrage—it must be encouraging to observe how fast the Bengalees are getting on in the school of political agitation, and how readily they pick up the Briton’s notion of his rights, and mimic his petulant way of asserting them. Petitions in the regular English style of pride that apes humility, constitutional memorials, appeals to the Home Government, public meetings, speeches, and strikes among the baboos—all these mark the progress of the march of intellect, and the proficiency of the newly initiated in this science. But we have no doubt that the enlightened baboos and other

liberal members of the native community who are turning to this account their English education, are well backed up and cheered on by many non-official English residents, who, in common with all true Britons, have, of course, a peculiar delight in annoying their own Government. This propensity is an Anglo-Saxon institution, and is advantageous in promoting a gentle perspiration in the body politic, conducive to a healthy constitution. Also it acts as an occasional use of the whip upon a team, keeping the horses well up in the traces. But though this sort of thing is found to answer very well at home, where they understand driving, and have got good roads, yet we have grave doubts as to whether it will not bring us to grief in India.

“ We fear the Calcutta baboo has no hand upon a horse and is inexperienced with the whip; so that if he is allowed to get it into his hand, instead of occasional fitches with the end of the lash, just to keep the horses going, he will lay it on with such a will that the horses will become unmanageable, and it will become necessary to seize the reins and knock the baboo off the coach-box with all possible speed. To leave our unwieldy simile and to speak seriously, it seems to us that to encourage the Bengalee in all sorts of political licence, and to back him up in playing

the same game of political agitation in Calcutta, as is played by the Radicals in London or Manchester, is to foster a system that will end in the profit of neither Briton nor Bengalee. The result must be extremely perilous to us, or cruelly disappointing and humiliating to the Bengalee. Of course, his present object is equal political status, and the corollary upon that is equal political power—and then his numerical superiority will give him superior political power. Is this the consequence for which our countrymen in Calcutta are prepared who encourage the Bengalees in asserting their constitutional rights as free-born British subjects? Do you really believe your Calcutta *protégés*, well-educated men though they be, freed from the trammels of caste and all other religious prejudices whatsoever, and of sharp and sagacious intellect, are qualified to sit by your side in a mixed constitutional assembly, and to legislate as fairly and disinterestedly for the English interests, as the English now do for theirs? Do you suppose that the ambitious Oriental, as soon as you have taught him the science of Government, will not use his knowledge to overthrow his tutor? If you answer you are certain he will not do so, and that he will, as an educated and enlightened man, be only too grateful to us for having taught him the blessing

of a free Government and a high civilization, then we tell you in that case he will have learnt very imperfectly, and will have entirely missed the moral conveyed in the lessons of European, and especially English political history, which it is your boast you are now instilling into him. For what is the peculiar characteristic of all English literature?—what the essential moral inculcated in every page of our history? Is it not the love, the adoration of freedom—that the most hateful of all things is the domination of a foreigner, and that it is of all things the most disgraceful to a people? And do you suppose the Bengalee, poor-spirited as he may be, will not apply these maxims to his own position, as soon as he finds himself able to act upon his own convictions? Or are you Calcutta politicians laughing in your sleeves all the while at your catechumens, and allowing them to play at free and independent British subjects, with the full intention of bringing them up with a sharp turn as soon as they get troublesome? This is what we believe the English liberals will do with the Bengalee liberals, and for this reason we said you were preparing them for a cruel humiliation. We believe they will be encouraged and urged on in their agitation for liberty and equality by Englishmen of the ‘man and brother’ school of philanthropy,

until they in the natural course of things will attempt to put all these theories into practice, and oppose their political interests in national antagonism to those of their quondam patrons. The consequence must be a brutal appeal to physical force, and the Bengalee's practical assertion of equal rights will be contemptuously dashed to the ground by the very men who taught him the theories.

“But the Calcutta politicians seem to ignore all India beyond the limits of Bengal, and forget that what may be sport to them among the unwarlike Bengalees, is death to us in Upper India. Beyond Benares political agitation is a dangerous game to play at, and yet all these Calcutta movements are felt to a certain degree in all the large towns of India. And if you confer equal privileges with Europeans upon Bengalee baboos, how are you to forbid them to Mahomedan nawabs and Rajpoot princes? Yet we do not presume you will declare the expediency of allowing the Beni Madhos and Nawab Sumshoodeens of Oude and Delhi a share in the Supreme Council of the State! How is all this to end?”

Another article in the same journal thus notices a meeting of the “British Indian Association:”—

“We have a report of the last monthly general

meeting of the British Indian Association, a title which its members have as much right to arrogate to themselves as the three tailors of Tooley Street had to be styled 'the people of England,' seeing that all the members are Bengalee baboos, the chair having been taken on this occasion by one of their great men, Rajah Kally Krishna, when some two dozen banians, zemindars, and such like, every one of them Hindoo natives of Calcutta or its immediate vicinity, were proposed as candidates for election, and seconded in due course, amid the acclamation of a large assembly of Roys, Mittres, Dutts, Banerjees, Mullicks, Ghoses, and Mookerjees.

"After discussing a variety of topics, such as the income-tax, public works, railways, &c., reference was made to petitions to the House of Commons, which, in the absence of Mr. Bright, had been presented by W. J. B. Smith on behalf of the 'British Indian Association.'

"We wonder who empowered these gentlemen to speak for the whole of India, and whether they have ever thought of inquiring as to how far their propositions are suited to the state of things beyond the Soane. Have they set down in their petitions any limits within which their remarks may be considered to apply, or have their suggestions a



general application to the whole of our Indian empire? In the latter case the attempt to prescribe for the ills of the whole, according to the lights of Calcutta politics, is an instance of ignorant self-sufficiency and sciolism worthy of 'the educated native gentry' of Bengal. Living securely, with all the luxuries of semi-civilization, within sound of the guns of Fort William, among an unwarlike and contented population, the editors of the metropolitan press may safely smile with scorn while the baboos ape the institutions of peaceful and solid England; but these harmless fireworks become a source of deadly peril to us who are sitting over a powder magazine of discontent, hatred, and rebellion, just stifled in oceans of blood in the North-West Provinces. That we do not speak without cause, the following paragraph from the *Englishman* of the 8th instant (which we extract without believing its truth) gives evidence:—

“Government and its officers continue to receive menacing rumours of disturbances and insurrection in the future, specific dates being in some cases assigned, when the strength of our grasp upon this country is to be again tried. We do not believe that, as far as an internal struggle against our power is concerned, these reports have any substance more

serious and tangible than the general detestation of our Government, which it would be foolish to ignore and dangerous to forget.'

"If free discussion is to be allowed in Calcutta, and Bengalees hereafter have seats in Council and play at governing, nothing absolutely dangerous is likely to occur, because we can turn them out as soon as they become troublesome. Besides, the Bengalee has never known what it is to belong to the ruling race, and to have won and lost a glorious empire. He will perhaps be contented to perform the part of an alderman or vestryman at home, will look after drainage, suggest local improvement, and make himself useful by inaugurating all kinds of petty reforms. But this will not content the northern Mussulman or Hindoo who come of a race whose political opinions, though not of so liberal and constitutional a cast as those of the tutored Bengalee, are of a scope twenty times larger.

"There can be no doubt but that, in Upper India, the sentiment of every native, who from intellect, ability, and rank, may be qualified to sit as a representative of his country in any general council of India which may hereafter be constituted, is strongly opposed to our domination. They are as much against us, and as naturally so, as the senti-

ments of Italians against Austrians, or Poles against Russians. Our only sincere friends we believe to be the trading classes, but we don't think that a popular election would put Bhowani Doss at the head of the poll !

“ But we do not wish so much to inquire whom we can select as representatives of Northern India, as to protest against the right of the Calcutta Indian Association to meddle with us. If they have no intention of doing so, let them declare it, and limit the scope of their demands to the immediate neighbourhood of the Mahratta Ditch. If they do not, mischief will come of it. The statesmen of England make no local distinctions in India, and seldom dream that what is sauce for the tame goose of Bengal will not be sauce for the wild fowl of the North-Western Provinces and the Punjaub.

“ In a petition of the British Indian Association, prepared some three years ago, we observed several nostrums prescribed for the cure of evils which exist throughout India ; which nostrums, though beneficial, perhaps, in Bengal, might produce alarming effects in other provinces. An influx of well-trained lawyers, prepared to decide everything by the light of exotic jurisprudence, would set the whole of a litigious population by the ears. We fear, also, the

Punjaub is not sufficiently civilized to allow of the separation, with advantage, of the judicial from the executive. Of course, the maxim regarding the separation is perfectly sound, only it refers to a different state of society. The subdivision of functions may suit Bengal very well, but it is productive of weakness here. We want one head (when we can get it genuine) in a district, who can administer justice, and not a quantity of small functionaries.

“Indeed, we are for abolishing the Civil Service, and establishing a military prætorian government. We do not mean to say such would be the best institution for Bengal; but let them beware if they try their civilized notions upon us, we may be forced to retaliate barbarian inventions upon them.

“We wonder at the impudence with which the Calcutta native reformers abuse the police, and lament the utter corruption and inefficiency thereof. To hear them talk and whine about it, to see them in print turn up their eyes with horror at the abominations which exist therein, you would really think the natives of Bengal were a simple, truth-loving set of anxious inquirers after civilized institutions, whose

progress was retarded by a careless and inefficient Government, and an utterly corrupt, venal, and mis-managed system of law and police. What is the real state of the case? The police system is as good as can be made out of such materials as we have had, only encumbered by the over-anxiety of Government to protect the people by all sorts of clogwheels and checks from any possible wrong, and the executive and judicial officers of Government, high and low, wearing out themselves and their subordinates by their untiring and persevering efforts to keep matters straight. Their exertions are the more praiseworthy, as any good result is utterly hopeless.

“This constant habit among the reformers and agitators of Bengal of reproaching the Supreme Government with all the faults and failures of the police is the strongest possible proof of the crudity and shallowness of these would-be enlightened politicians. Every thinking man must see that the root of the evil lies not with Government, but with the people themselves, and that as long as they continue to conspire against one another and to use our courts as a vehicle for cheating, over-reaching, and all kinds of villany, as long as they unite to defeat the

ends of justice whenever it is their interest so to do, and refuse to lift a finger to help the Government unless their private interests compel them, so long, in short, as the people of India continue utterly ignorant of abstract morality and love of justice for its own value, so long will they maintain a completely inefficient and corrupt system. Let the British Indian Association — more properly the British Bengalee Association—leave legislative reform alone. It is a subject beyond their powers; and they will get into trouble by their inexperienced and misdirected zeal—and let them convert themselves into “A Society for the Propagation of Honesty” among their fellow countrymen. If they could only prevail upon a few in each district to pledge themselves always to speak out the *truth* in a court of justice—we are not so exacting as to expect it on other occasions—they would do more for the reform of existing abuses than a hundred petitions to the House of Commons. At present, they fully deserve all the oppression they suffer from corrupt Amlah and tyrannical Thanadars. A zemindar will deliberately set to work all the engines of bribery and fraud to gain his own case and ruin his neighbour. He will complacently look on when a man whom he knows to be unjustly accused of crime is led off to

punishment, and won't take the trouble to interpose in his behalf although one word would save the innocent man, and convict the guilty. But no; he is wrapt up in selfishness, and is perfectly indifferent to right or wrong, good or evil, when he sees no prospect of personal advantage. Yet observe the same respectable zemindar when he himself has tumbled into the pitfall. Then he wakes up to the evils of the system, and becomes an ardent legislative reformer. How eagerly he presses upon the Sahib the peculiar villany of unjust accusations, with what an injured and reproachful air he tells you that the Amlah have been taking bribes, and that the Thanadar is a notorious villain. How bitterly he complains that no one will come forward to speak for an innocent man, and that every one is throwing dust in the eyes of the judge. Yet after all, this is nothing but the *lex talionis*, and no one can expect to have a monopoly of the right to bribe and cheat. As long as no one can be just, no one can expect justice. Does the association suppose that if we in England acted in the manner above described, our law courts and police would not be as iniquitous as those against which the petitioners so vehemently exclaim? Do they think that a superior system formed the European superior morality, or that the reverse

was the case. That measures made the men, or the men the measures?

“The Bengalee baboos demand political equality with their English masters, which Mr. Bright and those who act with him may be prepared to grant, but do they fancy that the finest and most warlike races of Hindostan, tribes which are the descendants of the ancient princes of the land, and families whose ancestors ruled over India from the Himalayas to the sea, inhabiting a land whose historical associations recall the glories of the Mogul, Mahratta, and Seikh dynasties—do they fancy, we repeat, that if even the English interlopers allow it, these people will for a moment suffer equality with obscure, effeminate, cowardly, lying, cheating Bengalee provincials!

“In conclusion, and to be plain, the ordinary assumption that the interests of the ruler is identical with the interests of the people is altogether inapplicable to Hindostan. Even if it be granted that large and liberal political reforms, with the importation of representation systems, and the paraphernalia of European democracy, would undoubtedly increase the prosperity of the people, yet it is by no means certain that they would tend to prolong the supremacy of the English race in India, and this is a



point which deserves some consideration even with those papers, such as the *Times of India*, the *Phoenix*, and others who exhibit the most anti-English tendencies. 'India for the English!' shall be our battle-cry to the end."

THE END.









